

# POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

---

*Written by a late Person of  
Honour.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *A. Thorncome*, and are to be  
Sold by most Booksellers. 1685.

MEMORANDUM

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

FROM THE CHIEF OF BUREAU

SUBJECT: [illegible]

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RECEIVED  
THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY  
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF BUREAU  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
JAN 10 1900



*An Epistolary Essay from M. G. to O.  
B. upon their Mutual Poems.*

*Dear Sir,*

**I** Hear this Town does so abound  
With sawcy Censurers, that faults are found  
With what of late we (in Poetique rage)  
Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age;  
But (howsoe're Envy, their spleens may raise,  
To rob my Brows of the deserved Bays)  
Their thanks at least I merit, since through me,  
They are partakers of your Poetry:  
And this is all I'll say in my defence,  
T' obtain one Line of your well-worded sense,  
I'd be content t' have writ the *British Prince*.  
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,  
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd,  
But from a Rule I have (upon long tryal)  
T' avoid with care all sort of self denial.  
Which way so'e're desire, and fancy lead,  
(Contemning Fame) that Path I boldly tread;  
And if exposing what I take for wit,  
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,  
No matter tho the cens'ring Criticks fret.  
These whom my Muse displeases, are at strife,  
With equal spleen against my course of life,  
The least delight of which, I'll not forgo,  
For all the flatt'ring praise, *Man* can bestow.

If I design'd to please, the way were then,  
 To mend my Manners, rather than my Pen:  
 The first's unnatural, therefore unfit,  
 And for the second, I despair of it,  
 Since Grace is near as hard to get as Wit.  
 Perhaps ill Verses, ought to be confin'd,  
 In meer good breeding like unsav'ry Wind:  
 Were reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think;  
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink:  
 But 'tis your choice, whether you'll read or no,  
 If likewise of your smelling it were so.  
 Pd Fart just as I write for my own ease,  
 Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please,  
 I'll own, that you write better than I do,  
 But I have as much need to write as you.  
 What tho the Excrements of my dull Brain,  
 Flows in a harsh insipid strain;  
 Whilst your rich Head, eases it self of Wit.  
 Must none but Civit Cats have leave to thit?  
 In all I write, shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhyme,  
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime,  
 Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see,  
 It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me;  
 And that's my end, for Man can wish no more,  
 Than so to write, as none e're writ before.  
 Yet why am I no Poet of the times?  
 I have Allusions, Similies and Rhymes,  
 And Wit, or else 'tis hard that I alone,  
 Of the whole Race of Mankind shou'd have none:  
 Unequally the giving Hand of Heav'n,  
 Has all but this one only blessing giv'n.

The World appears like a great Family,  
 Whose Lord oppress'd with Pride and Poverty,  
 (That to a few great bounty he may show)  
 Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below.  
 Just so seems Fortune, as poor and vain,  
 In striving to support, but can't maintain.  
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it mainly saves,  
 And for one Prince, it makes ten thousand  
 Slaves.

Yet Providence in wits Magnificent,  
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,  
 That the most Avaricious are content. }  
 For none e're thought (the due divisions such)  
 His own too little, or his Friends too much.  
 Yet most Men shew, or find great want of Wit,  
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ,  
 But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,  
 Look on Mankind, as envious and dull,  
 Born to my self, my self I like alone,  
 And must conclude my judgement good, or none.  
 For cou'd my sense be naught, how shou'd I know,  
 Whether another Mans were good or no?  
 Thus I resolve of my own Poetry,  
 That 'tis the best, and there's a Fame for me.  
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,  
 Whither to merit due, or Arrogance?  
 Oh! but the World will take offence hereby,  
 Why then the World shall suffer for't, not I.  
 Did e're the sawcy World and I agree,  
 To let it have its beastly will on me?  
 Why shou'd my prostituted sense be drawn,  
 To ev'ry Rule their musty Customes spawn?

But Men will censure you, 'tis two to one,  
 When e're they censure they'll be in the wrong.  
 There's not a thing on Earth that I can name,  
 So foolish and so false, as common Fame.  
 It calls the Courtier Knave, the plain Man rude,  
 Haughty the grave, and the delightful lew'd.  
 Impertinent the brisk, Moross the sad,  
 Mean the familiar, the reserv'd one mad.  
 Poor helpless Woman, is not favour'd more,  
 She's a sly Hypocrite, or publick Whore.  
 Then who the Devil, wou'd give this---to be free  
 From the Innocent reproach of infamy.  
 These things consider'd, make me (in despite  
 Of idle Rumour) keep at home and write.

---

## S A T T R.

**W**Ere I (who to my cost already am  
 One of those strange prodigious Crea-  
 tures Man.)

A Spirit free, to choose for my own share,  
 What case of Flesh and Blood, I please to wear, }  
 I'd be a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, or a *Bear*.  
 Or any thing but that vain *Animal*,  
 Who is so proud of being rational.  
 The senses are too gross, and he'll contrive  
 A sixth, to contradict the other five;  
 And before certain instinct, will prefer  
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.

Reason,

Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* in the mind,  
 Which leaving light of Nature, sense behind ;  
 Pathless and dang'rous wandring ways it takes,  
 Through errors, Fenny-Boggs, and Thorny Brakes ;  
 Whilst the misguided follower, climbs with pain,  
 Mountains of whimsys, heap'd in his own Brain :  
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong  
 down,

Into doubts boundless Sea, where like to drown.  
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try,  
 To swim with Bladders of *Philosophy* ;  
 In hopes still t'oretake th'escaping light,  
 The *Vapour* dances in his dazzling sight,  
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.  
 Then Old Age and experience, hand in hand,  
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,  
 Arter a search so painful, and so long,  
 That all his life he has been in the wrong ;  
 Hudled in dirt, the reasoning *Engine* lyes,  
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise,  
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,  
 And makes him venture to be made a Wretch.  
 His wisdom did his happiness destroy,  
 Aiming to know what World he shou'd enjoy ;  
 And Wit was his vain frivolous pretence,  
 Of pleasing others, at his own expence.  
 For Wits are treated just like common Whores,  
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of doors,  
 The pleasuer past, a threatening bout remains,  
 That frights the enjoyer, with succeeding pains :  
 Women and Men of Wit, are dangerous Tools,  
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Pleasure allures, and when the Fopps escape,  
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate,  
 And therefore what they fear, at least they hate. }

But now methinks some formal Band, and Beard,  
 Takes me to task, come on Sir, I'm prepar'd.

*Then by your favour, any thing that's writ  
 Against this gibeing jingling knack call'd Wit,  
 Likes me abundantly, but you take care,  
 Upon this point, not to be too severe.*

Perhaps my Muse, were fitter for this part, }

For I profess, I can be very smart }

On Wit, which I abhor with all my heart : }

I long to lash it in some sharp Essay, }

But your grand indiscretion bids me stay, }

And turns my Tide of Ink another way. }

What rage ferments in your degen'rate mind,  
 To make you rail at Reason, and Mankind ?  
 Blest glorious Man ! to whom alone kind Heav'n,  
 An everlasting Soul has freely giv'n ;

Whom his great Maker took such care to make,  
 That from himself he did the Image take ;  
 And this fair frame, in shining Reason drest,  
 To dignifie his Nature above Beast.

Reason, by whose aspiring influence,  
 We take a flight beyond material sense.

Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce,  
 The flaming limites of the Universe.

Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,  
 And give the World true grounds of hope and fear.

Hold mighty Man I cry, all this we know,  
 From the Pathetique Pen of Ingello ;

From P----Pilgrim, S----replies,  
 And 'tis this very reason I despise.  
 This supernatural gift, that makes a Myte,  
 Think he is the Image of the Infinite :  
 Comparing his short life, void of all rest,  
 To the Eternal, and the ever blest.  
 This busie, puzzling, stirring up of doubt,  
 That frames deep Mysteries, then finds 'em out ;  
 Filling with frantick Crowds of thinking Fools,  
 Those Reverend *Bedlams*, *Colledges*, and *Schools*  
 Borne on whose Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce,  
 The Limits of the boundless Universe.  
 So charming Oyntments, makes an Old Witch flie,  
 And bear a Crippeld Carcass through the Skie.  
 'Tis this exalted pow'r, whose bus'ness lies,  
 In Nonsense, and impossibilities.  
 This made a Whimsical Philosopher,  
 Before the spacious World, his Tub prefer,  
 And we have modern Cloysterd Coxcombs, who  
 Retire to think, cause they have naught to do.  
 But thoughts, are giv'n for Actions Government,  
 Where Action ceases, thoughts impertinent :  
 Our Sphere of Action, is lifes happiness,  
 And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass.  
 Thus, whilst 'gainst false reas'ning I inveigh,  
 I own right Reason, which I wou'd obey :  
 That Reason that distinguishes by sense,  
 And gives us Rules of good and bad from thence :  
 That bounds desires, with a reforming will,  
 To keep 'em more in vigour, not to kill.  
 Your Reason hinders, mine helps t'enjoy,  
 Renewing Appetites, yours wou'd destroy.

My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat,  
 Hunger call's out, my Reason bids me eat ;  
 Perverfly yours, your Appetite does mock,  
 This asks for Food, that answers what's a Clock ?  
 This plain distinction Sir your doubt secures,  
 'Tis not true Reason I despise but yours.  
 Thus I think Reason righted, but for Man,  
 Ple nere recant, defend him if you can.  
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,  
 'Tis evident, Beasts are in their degree. }  
 As wise at least, and act as well as he. }  
 Those Creatures are the wisest who attain,  
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.  
 If therefore *Fowler*, finds and kills his *Hares*;  
 Better than those supply'd committee Chairs ;  
 Though one a Man was, the other but a Hound,  
*Fowler* in Justice wou'd be wiser found.  
 You see how far Mans wisdom here extends,  
 Look next, if humane Nature makes amends ;  
 Whose Principles, most gen'rous are and just,  
 And to whose Morals, you wou'd sooner trust.  
 Be Judge your self, I'll bring it to the test,  
 Which is the basest Creature Man or Beast ?  
 Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,  
 Bit Savage Man alone, does Man betray :  
 Prest by necessity, they kill for Food,  
 Man undoes Man, to do himself no good.  
 With Teeth, & Claws: by Nature arm'd they hunt,  
 Natures allowance to supply their want.  
 But Man, with smiles, embraces, Friendships praise,  
 Unhumanely his Fellows life betrays ;

With



With voluntary pains, works his distress.  
 Not through necessity, but wantonness.  
 For hunger, or for Love, they fight or tear,  
 Whilst wretched man is still in Arms for fear ;  
 For fear he Armes, and is of Armes afraid,  
 By fear, to fear, successively betray'd,  
 Base fear, the force whence his best passion came,  
 His boasted Honour, and his dear bought Fame.  
 That lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,  
 And for the which alone he dares be brave :  
 To which his various Projects are design'd,  
 Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind.  
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,  
 And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise :  
 Leading a tedious life in misery,  
 Under laborious mean Hypocrasie.  
 Look to the bottom of his vast design,  
 Where in Mans Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory joyn ;  
 The good he acts, the ill he does endure ;  
 'Tis all for fear, to make himself secure.  
 Meerly for safety, after Fame we thirst,  
 For all men wou'd be Cowards if they durst.  
 And honesty's against all common sense,  
 Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence.  
 Mankind's dishonest, if you think it fair ;  
 Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the square,  
 You'le he undone -----  
 Nor can weak truth, your reputation save,  
 The Knaves, will all agree to call you Knave.  
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulied o're oppress.  
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.

Thus

Thus Sir you see what humane Nature craves,  
 Most Men are Cowards, most Men shou'd be Knaves:  
 The difference lyes (as far as I can see)  
 Not in the thing it self, but the degree ;  
 And all the subject matter of debate,  
 Is only who's a Knave, of the first Rate ?

All this with indignation have I hurl'd,  
 At the pretending part of the proud World,  
 Who swoln with selfish vanity, devise,  
 False freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lyes }  
 Over their fellow Slaves, to tyrannize.

But if at all, so just a Man there be,  
 (At all, a just Man, of that blest degree.)  
 Who does his needful flattery direct,  
 Not to oppress, and raine, but protect ;  
 Since flattery which way so ever laid,  
 Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade.  
 If so upright a Patriot, you can find,  
 Whose passions bend to his unbyas'd Mind ;  
 Who does his Arts, and Policies apply,  
 To raise his Country, not his Family ;  
 Who boldly fatal, Avarice withstands,  
 And tempting Bribes, from Friends corrupted  
 Hands.

Is there a Mortal who on God relies ?  
 Whose Life, his Faith, and Doctrine Justifies ?  
 Not one blown up, with vain aspiring Pride,  
 Who for reproof of Sins, does Man deride :  
 Whose envious heart with sawcy Eloquence,  
 Dares chide at Kings, and rail at Men of sense.

Who

Who in his talking vents more peevish lies,  
 More bitter railings, scandals, Calumnies,  
 Than at a Gossiping, are thrown about,  
 When the good Wives get drunk, and then fall out.  
 None of that sensual Tribe, whose Talents lye,  
 In Avarice, Pride, Sloath and Gluttony.  
 Who hunt Preferment, but abhor good Lives, }  
 Whose lust exalted, to that height arrives, }  
 They act Adult'ry with their Neighbours Wives. }  
 And e're a score of years compleated be,  
 Can from the lofty Stage of Honour see,  
 Half a large Parish their own Progeny.

Nor doating he who wou'd be ador'd,  
 For domineering when at's hight he's soar'd,  
 A greater Fop, in business at fourscore,  
 Fonder of serious Toyes, affected more,  
 Than the gay glitt'ring Fool, at twenty proves,  
 With all his noise, his tawdrey Cloaths and Loves.

But a meek humble Man of modest sense,  
 Who Preaching peace does practice continence ;  
 Whose pious life's a proof he does believe,  
 Misterious truths, which no Man can conceive.  
 If upon Earth there dwell such Godlike Men,  
 Ple here recant my Paradox to them.  
 Adore those Shrines of Vertue, Homage pay,  
 And with the thinking World, their Laws obey.  
 If such there are, yet grant me this at least,  
 Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.

*A Ramble in St. JAMES'S PARK.*

**M**uch Wine had past with grave discourse,  
 Of who kist who, and who does worse;  
 Such as you usually do hear,  
 From them that dyet at the Beer;  
 When I, who still take care to see,  
 How squares were carry'd, and how things agree;  
 Went out into *St. James's Park*,  
 To cool my Head, and fire my Heart:  
 But though *St. James* has the honor on't,  
 'Tis consecrate to each Gallant,  
 There by a most incestuous Birth;  
 Strange Woods spring from the teeming Earth.  
 For they relate how heretofore,  
 When Antient Pict, began to Whore,  
 Deluded of his Affignation,  
 (Jilting it seems was then in fashion.)  
 Poor pensive Lover, in this place,  
 Would weep upon his Mothers Face:  
 Whence Rows of *Mandrakes* tall did rise,  
 Whose lofty Tops near reacht the Skies.  
 Each imitative Branch does twine,  
 In some lov'd fold of *Aretine*.  
 And Nightly now beneath their shade,  
 Are Amorous charming Ditties made.  
 Unto this All-love-sheltring Grove,  
 Lasses of th' Bulks and the Alcove.  
 Great Ladies Chamber-Maids, and Drudges;  
 The Rag-picker and Heirelle trudges:

Carmen, Divines, great Lords and Taylors,  
 Prentices, Pimps, Poets and Gaolers ;  
 Foot-men, fine Fops, do here arrive,  
 And here promiscully they strive.

Along these hollow'd Walks it was,  
 That I beheld *Corinna* pass ;  
 Who ever had been by to see,  
 The proud disdain she cast on me.  
 Though charming Eyes, he wou'd have sworn,  
 She dropt from Heav'n that very hour ;  
 Forsaking the Divine abode.  
 In scorn of some despairing God.  
 But mark what Creatures Women are.  
 So infinitely vile, and fair.

Three Knights, o'th' Elbow and the flurr,  
 With wrigling Tails, made up to her.

The first was of your upstart Blades,  
 Near kin to her that rule the Maids,  
 Grac'd by whose favour he was able,  
 To bring a Friend to th' Waiters Table.

Where he had heard Sir *Edward S-----*  
 Say how a Knight lov'd Bansted Mutton.  
 Since when he'd ne'er be brought to eat,  
 By's good will any other Meat.

In this, as well as all the rest,  
 He ventures to do like the best.

But wanting common sense, th' ingredient,  
 In choosing well, not least expedient.

Converts Abortive imitation.

To Universal affectation ;

So he not only eats and talks,

But feels and smells, sits down and walks.

Nay looks, and lives, and loves by Rôte,  
In an old tawdrey Birth-Day-Coat.

The second was a *Grays Inn Wit*,  
A great Inhabiter of the Pit ;  
Where Critick-like, he sits and squints,  
Steals Pocket-Handkerchiefs, and hints,  
From's Neighbour, and the Comedy,  
To Court and pay his Landlady.

The third a Ladies Eldest Son,  
Within few years of twenty one ;  
Who hopes from his propitious Fate,  
Against he comes to his Estate.

By these two Worthies to be made  
A most accomplisht tearing Blade.  
One in a strain 'twixt Tune and Nonsense,  
Cries, *Madam, I have lov'd you long since,*  
*Permit me your fair Hand to kiss.*

When at her Mouth her Heart sayes yes.

In short, without much more ado.  
Joyful and pleas'd, away she flew ;  
And with these three confounded Asses,  
From Park to Hackney-Coach she passes.  
So a proud Bitch does lead about,  
Of Humble Currs, the Amorous rout :  
Who most obsequiously do hunt,  
Their Female Trull by her strong scent.  
Some Pow'r more patient now relate ;  
The sense of this surprizing Fate.  
Gods ! that a thing admir'd by me,  
Shou'd tast so much of Infamy.  
Had she pickt out to rub her Arse on,  
Some well hung Clown or Greasy Boason,

Each

Each job of whose well manag'd Sluce,  
 Had fill'd her up with wholesome Juice.  
 I the proceeding shou'd have prais'd,  
 In hopes she'd quench a Fire I rais'd :  
 Such nat'ral freedoms are but just,  
 There's something gen'rous in meer Lust.  
 But to turn damn'd abandon'd *Jade*,  
 When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade ;  
 The *Devil* plai'd booty, sure with thee,  
 To bring a blot of infamy.  
 But why was I of all *Mankind*,  
 To so severe a fate design'd ?  
 Ungrateful ! why this Treachery  
 To humble fond, believing me ?  
 Who gave you Priviledges above,  
 The nice allowances of Love ?  
 Did ever I refuse to bear  
 The meanest part your Love cou'd spare ?  
 When you lew'd you came char'd home,  
 Drencht with the Juice of half the Town.  
 My Dram of Love, was supt up after,  
 For the digestive Surfeit Water.  
 Full gordged at another time,  
 With a vast *Meal*, not fit to name,  
 Which your devouring *Tail* had drawn  
 From *Porters Backs*, and *Foot-mens Brawn*.  
 I was content to serve you up,  
 My little *Mite*, for your *Grace Cup* ;  
 Nor ever thought it an abuse,  
 While you had pleasure for Excuse.  
 You that cou'd make my Heart away,  
 For Noise and Colours, and betray,

The Secrets of my tender hours,  
 To such *Knight Errant Paramours* ;  
 When leaning on your Faithless Breast,  
 Wrapt in security, and rest.  
 Soft kindness all my pow'rs did move,  
 And reason lay dissolv'd in Love.  
 May stinking *Vapour* choak your *Womb*,  
 Such as the *Men* you dote upon ;  
 May your deprav'd Appetite,  
 That cou'd in whiffing *Fools* delight,  
 Beget such *Frenzies* in your mind,  
 You may go mad for the *North-wind*.  
 And fixing all your hopes on it,  
 To have him Bluster in your *Pitt*.  
 Turn up your longing *Tail* to th' Air,  
 And perish in a wild despair.  
 But *Cowards* shall forget to Rant,  
*School-Boys* to Play, and *Whores* to Paint :  
 The *Jesuits Fraternity*,  
 Shall leave the use of *Cruelty*.  
 Low things, inspir'd with Grace Divine,  
 From Earthy Ball, to Heav'n shall climb ;  
*Physicians*, shall for nothing ease us,  
 And disobedience cease to please us.  
 Ere I desist with all my Pow'r,  
 To plague this *Woman* and undo her.  
 But my revenge will best be tim'd,  
 When she is Marry'd that is lym'd ;  
 In that most lamentable State,  
 I'll make her feel my scorn, and hate ;  
 Pelt her with Scandals, Truth, or Lies,  
 And her poor *Curr* with jealousies.



Till I have torn him from her *Breech*,  
 Whilst she do's whine for what's past Reach  
 Loath'd, and depriv'd, kickt out of *Town*,  
 Into some dirty hole alone,  
 To Chew the *Cud* of misery,  
 And know she owes it all to me.  
*And may no Woman better thrive,*  
*Who dares prophane the thing I love.*

---

*A Letter fancy'd from Artemisa in the Town,*  
*to Cloe in the Countrey.*

Cloe, by your command in Verse I write,  
 Shortly you'll bid me ride astride and Fight ;  
 Such Talents better with our Sex agree,  
 Than lofty flights of dang'rous *Poetry*,  
 Among the Men, I mean the Men of wit,  
 (At least they pass for such before they writ.)  
 How many bold advent'ers for the *Bays*,  
 Proudly designing large returns of Praise.  
 Who durst that stormy Pathless *World* explore,  
 Were soon dash't back, and wreckt on the dull  
     shore,  
 Broke off that little stock they had before.  
 How wou'd a Womans tott'ring *Barque* be tost,  
 Where stoptest Ships, the Men of *VV*it are lost?  
 When I reflect on this I straight grow wise,  
 And my own self I gravely thus advise.

Dear *Artemisa*, Poetry's a Snare,  
*Bedlam*, has many *Mansions*, have a care,  
 Your Muse diverts you, makes the *Reader* sad,  
 You think your self inspir'd, he thinks you mad.  
 Thus like an Arrant Woman as I am,  
 No sooner well convinc'd writin'gs a shame,  
 That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name  
 Than *Poetess*----- }

Like Men that Marry, or like Maids that woe,  
 Because it is the worst thing they can do.  
 Pleas'd with the contradiction, and the Sin,  
 Me thinks I stand on Thorns till I begin.

You expect to hear at least, what love has past  
 In this lew'd Town, since you, and I saw last  
 What change has happen'd of *Intrigues*, and whe-  
 ther,

The old ones last, and who, and who's together?  
 But how (my dearest *Cloe*) shou'd I set  
 My Pen to write, what I wou'd fain forget?  
 Or name the lost thing Love, without a Tear,  
 Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customes here?  
 Love, the most generous passion of the mind,  
 The softest refuge innocence can find,  
 The safe director of unguided Youth,  
 Fraught with kind wishes and secur'd by Truth;  
 That Cordial drop, Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,  
 To make the naus'ous draught of life go down;  
 On which one only blessing, God might raise,  
 In Lands of *Atheists*, *Subsidies* of praise;  
 For none did, e're so dull, and stupid prove,  
 But felt a God, and blest his pow'r in love:

This only joy, for which poor we were made,  
Is grown like play, to be an Arrant Trade ;  
The *Rooks* creep in, and it has got of late,  
As many little cheats, and tricks as that :  
But what yet more a Womans heart wou'd vex,  
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex.

Oh silly Sex ! though born like *Monarchs* free,  
Turn *Gipsies*, for a meaner liberty,  
And hate restraint, though but from infamy.  
They call what ever is not common, nice,  
And deaf to Natures Rule, or Loves advice,  
Forfake the pleasure, to persue the Vice.  
To an exact perfection they have brought,  
The Action Love, the passion is forgot ;  
'Tis below VVit, they say, if we admire,  
And ev'n with approving, they desire :  
Their private wish, obeys the publique voice ;  
'Twixt good, and bad, whimsy decides, not choice ;  
Fashion's grown up to taste, at formes they strike,  
They know what they wou'd have, not what they  
like.

Bo--- a Beauty, if some few agree  
To call him so, the rest to that degree,  
Affected are, that with their Ears they see.

VWhere I was visiting the other Night,  
Comes a fine Lady, with her humble Knight ;  
VWho had prevail'd with her, through her own skill,  
At his request, though much against his will  
To come to *London*-----  
As the Coach stopt, I heard her voice more loud,  
Then a great Bellyed Womans in a Croud ;

Telling

Telling the Knight, that her affairs require,  
 He for some hours, obsequiously retire.  
 I think she was asham'd he shou'd be seen,  
 Hard fate of Husband, the Gallant had been,  
 Thought a diseas'd, ill favour'd Fool, brought in  
 Dispatch says she, the bus'ness you pretend,  
 Your beastly visit, to your drunken Friend ;  
 A Bottle, ever makes you look so fine ;  
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of VVine :  
 Your Countrey drinking breath's enough to Kill ;  
 Sowre Ale, corrected with a Lemmon Pill ;  
 Prithee farewell, we'le meet again anon,  
 The necessary things bow, and is gone.  
 She flies up stairs, and hast does show,  
 That silly Antick Postures will allow.  
 And then burst out----And Madam am not I,  
*The strangest alter'd Creature ! let me dye,*  
*I find my self rediculously grown,*  
*Embarrass't, with my being out of Town.*  
*Rude, and untaught, like any Indian Queen,*  
*My Countrey nakedness is strangely seen.*  
*How is Love govern'd, Love that rules the state*  
*And pray who are the men most worn of late ?*  
*When I was Marry'd, Fools were All-a-mode,*  
*Then Men of Wit, were then held incommode.*  
*Slow of belief, and sickle in desire,*  
*Who e're they'le be perswaded, must enquire,*  
*As if they came to spy, not to admire.*  
*With searching wisdom, fatal to their ease,*  
*They find out why, what may, and shou'd not please.*  
*Nay take themselves for injur'd, when we dare,*  
*Make'em think better of us than we are :*

And if we hide our frailties from their sights,  
 Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hypocrites ;  
 They little guess (who at our Arts are griev'd)  
 The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd :  
 Inquisitive, as jealous Cuckolds grow.  
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know,  
 What being known, creates their certain woe.  
 Women, shou'd these of all Mankind avoid,  
 For wonder by clear knowledge is destroy'd,  
 Women, who is an arrant Bird of Night,  
 Bold in the dusk, before a Fools dull sight,  
 Must fly, when Reason brings the blazing light.  
 But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire  
 Himself, trusts us ; his follies all conspire,  
 To flatter his, and favour our desire :  
 Vain of his proper merit, he with ease,  
 Believes we love him best, who best can please :  
 On him our gross, dull, common, flatteries pass.  
 Ever most happy, when most made an Ass ;  
 Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind  
 Perceive us false, the Fop himself is blind,  
 Who doating on himself-----  
 Thinks ev'ry one that sees him of his mind.  
 These are true Womens Men here forc'd to cease,  
 Through want of breath, not will to hold her  
 peace ;  
 She to the VVindow runs, where she had spi'd,  
 Her much esteem'd dear Friend, the Monkey ey'd.  
 VVith forty smiles, as many Antick bows,  
 As if't had been the Lady of the House,  
 The dirty chatt'ring Monster, she embrac'd ;  
 And made it this fine tender speech at last.

*Kiss me! thou curious Miniature of Man.*  
*How odd thou art! how pretty! how japan!*  
*Oh I cou'd live and dye with thee! then on*  
*For half an hour in Complements she ran.*  
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,  
 When this mixt thing into the VWorld she sent,  
 So very wise, yet so impertinent,  
 One that knows ev'ry thing; that God thought fit,  
 Shou'd be an Ass, through choice, not want of wit.  
 VVhose Foppery, without the help of sense,  
 Cou'd ne're have rise to such an excellence.  
 Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,  
 As a *Philosopher*; the very top  
 And dignity of folly we attain,  
 By studious searh and labour of the Brain;  
 By observation, Councel, and deep thought,  
 Ther's not a Coxcomb made worth a *Groat*;  
 VVe owe that Name to Industry, and Arts,  
 An eminent Fool, must be a Man of parts:  
 And such a one was she, who had turn'd o're,  
 As many Books as Men, lov'd much, read more;  
 Had discerning wit, to her was known,  
 Ev'ry ones fault, or merit but her own:  
 All the good Qualities, that ever blest,  
 A VVoman so distinguish'd from the rest,  
 Except discretion only, she possest.

But now *Moncher*, dear *Pug*, says she adieu,  
 And the discourse broke off, does thus renew.

*You smile to see me, whom the World perchance,*  
*Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance.*  
*The interest of Fools, that I approve,*  
*Their merit more, than Mens of wit and love.*

But

But in our Sex, too many proofs there are,  
 Of such whom Wits undone, and Fools repair :  
 This in my time, was so observ'd a Rule,  
 Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool ;  
 The meanest common Slut, who long was grown,  
 The jeaft and scorn of ev'ry Pit Buffoon ;  
 Had yet left charms enough, to have subdu'd,  
 Some Fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.  
 F-----, cou'd make an Irish Lord, a Nokes ;  
 And B----- M-----, had her City Cokes  
 A Womans ne're so ruin'd, but she can  
 Be still reveng'd, on her undoer Man.  
 How lost so'e're, she'll find some Lover more,  
 A more abandon'd Fool, than she a Whore  
 That wretched thing Corinna, who has run  
 Through all the several ways of being undone,  
 Conzen'd at first by love, and living then,  
 By turning thee too dear-bought-cheat on Men.  
 Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,  
 When first the Town, her early Beauties knew ;  
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents ject,  
 Youth in her Cheeks, and pleasure in her Bed.  
 Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit,  
 To make her dote upon a Man of Wit,  
 Who found'twas dull to love above a day,  
 Made his ill natur'd jest, and went away :  
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd.  
 She's a Memento Mori to the rest.  
 Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a Crown,  
 Must Mortgage her long Scarfe and Mantoe-Gown.  
 Poor Creature ! who unheard of as a Flye,  
 In some dark hole, must all the Winter lye.

And

*And want she must endure a whole half year,  
 That for one Month, she Tawdry may appear :  
 In Easter Terme, she gets her a new Gown,  
 When my young Masters worship comes to Town ;  
 From Pedagogue, and Mother, jest set free,  
 The hopeful Heir, of a great Family ;  
 Who with strong Beer, and Beef, the Countrey rules,  
 And ever since the Conquest, have been Fools.  
 And still with careful prospect, to maintain,  
 This Charecter, least crossing of the Strain  
 Shou'd mend the Body Breed, his Friends provide,  
 A Couzen of his own to be his Bride.*

*And thus set out-----*

*With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,  
 The soled comforts of a Coxcomb's life ;  
 Dunghil, and Peas, forsook, he comes to Town,  
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.  
 Nothing sutes worse with Vice, than want of sense,  
 Fools are still wicked, at their own expence.  
 This o're grown School-Boy, lost Corinna, wins,  
 At the first dash, to make an Ass, begins.  
 Pretends to like a Man, that has not known  
 The Vanities, nor Vices of the Town.  
 Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,  
 Eager of joys, which he does seldom prove,  
 Healthful, and strong, he does no pains endure,  
 But what the fair one, he adores, can cure :  
 Grateful for favours, does the Sex esteem,  
 And Libells none, for being kind to him.  
 Then of the lewdness of the Town complains,  
 Railes at the Witts, and Atheists, and maintains.*

*'Tis*



'Tis better than good sense, than Pow'r or Wealth,  
 To have a Blood, untained, youth, and health.  
 The ill-bred Puppy, who had never seen,  
 A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine ;  
 Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt,  
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the Antient Seat,  
 To buy this Mistress, a new House, for life ;  
 To give her Plate, and Jewels, Robs his Wife.  
 And when to the height of fondness he is grown,  
 'Tis time to payson him, and all's her own.  
 Thus meeting in her common Arms his Fate,  
 He leaves her Bastard, Heir to his Estate ;  
 And as the Race of such an Owl, deserves  
 His own dull lawful Progeny he starves  
 Nature, who never made a thing in vain,  
 But does each Insect, to some end ordain.  
 Wisely provides kind-keeping Fools, no doubt  
 To patch up Vices, Men of Wit, were out.

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense,  
 Still mixt with Volleys of impertinence.  
 But now 'tis time I shou'd some pitty show,  
 To Cloe, since I cannot choose but know ;  
 Readers, must reap the dullness, VVriters sow.  
 By the next Post, I will such Stories tell,  
 As joyn'd to these, shall to a Volume swell ;  
 But you are tir'd and so am I-----

Farewel.

*The Imperfect Enjoyment.*

Naked she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,  
 I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms,  
 Both equally inspir'd, with eager fire,  
 Melting through kindness, flaming in desire ;  
 With *Arms, Legs, Lips*, close clinging to embrace,  
 She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her  
*Face*.

The nimble *Tongue* (Love's lesser Lightning) plaid  
 Within my *Mouth*, and to my thoughts convey'd.  
 Swift Orders, that I shou'd prepare to throw,  
 The All-dissolving *Thunderbolt* below.

My flutt'ring *Soul*, sprung with the pointed Kifs,  
 Hangs hov'ring o're her balmy Limbs of blifs.

But whilst her busie hand wou'd guide that part,  
 Which shou'd convey my *Soul* up to her *Heart*.

In liquid Raptures I dissolve all o're,  
 Meling in Love, such joys ne'r felt before.

A touch from any part of her had don't,  
 Her *Hand*, her *Foot*, her very looks had charms  
 upon't.

Smiling, she chids in a kind murm'ring Noise,  
 And sighs to feel the too hasty joys ;

When with a Thousand Kisses, wand'ring or'e  
 My panting *Breast*, and is there then no more ?

She cries. All this to Love, and *Raptures* due,  
 Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too ?

But I the most forlorne, lost Man alive,  
 To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive,  
 I sigh alas ! and Kifs, but cannot drive.

}  
 Eager

Eager desires, confound my first intent,  
 Succeeding shame, does more success prevent,  
 And Rage, at last, confirms me impotent. }  
 Ev'n her fair Hand, which might bid heat return  
 To frozen Age, and make cold *Hermits* burn,  
 Apply'd to my dead Cinder, warms no more,  
 Than Fire to Ashes, cou'd past Flames restore.  
 Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,  
 A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I ly,  
 This Dart of Love, whose piercing point oft try'd  
 With Virgin Blood, a hundred Maids has dy'd.  
 VVhich Nature still directed with such Art,  
 That it through ev'ry Port, reacht ev'ry Heart.  
 Stiffly resolv'd, twou'd carelessly invade, }  
 VVhere it essay'd, nor ought its fury staid,  
 VVhere e're it pierc'd, entrance it found or }  
 made.

Now languid lies, in this unhappy hour,  
 Shrunk up, and Sapless, like a wither'd Flow'r.  
 Thou treacherous, base, deserter of my flame,  
 False to my passion, fatal to my Fame;  
 By what mistaken Magick dost thou prove,  
 So true to lewdness, so untrue to Love?  
 VVhat Oyster, Cinder, Beggar, common VVhore,  
 Didst thou e're fail in all thy Life before?  
 VVhen Vice, Disease and Scandal lead the way,  
 VVith what officious hast didst thou obey?  
 Like a Rude-roaring *Hector*, in the Streets,  
 That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets;  
 But if his King or Country, claim his Aid,  
 The Rascal Villain, shrinks and hides his Head: }  
 Ev'n so thy Brutal Valor is displaid,

Breaks

Breaks ev'ry Stews, does each small Crack invade,  
 But if great Love, the onset does command,  
 Base recreant, to thy Prince, thou darst not stand.  
 VVorst part of me, and henceforth hated most,  
 Through all the Town, the common rubbing Post;  
 On whom each wretch, relieves her lustful want,  
 As *Hogs*, on *Goats*, do rub themselves and grunt,  
 May'st thou to rav'nous Shankers be a Prey,  
 Or in consuming VVeepings wast away.  
 May Stranguries, and Stone, thy Dayes attend.  
 May'st thou not Piss, who didst so much offend,  
 VVhen all my joyes, did on false thee depend.  
 And may ten thousand abler Men agree,  
 To do the wrong'd *Corianna* right for thee.

---

## T O L O V E.

*O ! nunquam pro me satis indignate Cupido.*

**O**H *Love* ! how cold, and slow to take my  
 part,  
 Thou idle VVanderer, about my Heart.  
 VVhy thy old faithful *Soldier*, wilt thou see,  
 Opprest in thy own Tents ? they murder me.  
 Thy Flames Consume, thy Arrows Pierce thy  
 Friends,  
 Rather on Foes, pursue more Noble ends.  
*Achilles* Spear, would gen'rously bestow,  
 A Cure, as certain, as it gave the blow.

*Hunters,*

*Hunters*, who follow flying Game, give o're;  
 When the *Prey's* caught, hope still leads on before.  
 We thy own *Slaves* feel thy *Tyrannick* blows,  
 Whilst thy tame Hands unmov'd against thy *Foes*.  
 On *Men* disarm'd, how can you gallant prove,  
 And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.

Millions of dull *Men*, live, and scornful *Maids*,  
 Wee'll own *Love* valiant, when he these invades.  
*Rome* from each *Corner* of the wide *World*, snatch'd  
 A *Lawrel*, or't had been to this day thatch'd.

But the old *Soldier*, has his resting place,  
 And the good batter'd *Horse*, is turn'd to *Grass*.  
 The harraſt *Whore*, who liv'd a wretch to please,  
 Has leave to be a *Bawd*, and take her ease.

For me then, who have freely ſpent my Blood  
 (*Love*) in thy Service, and ſo boldly ſtood

In *Celia's Trenches*; wer't not wiſely done,  
 E'en to retire, and live at peace at home?

No---might I gain an Empire, to diſclaim,  
 My glorious *Title*, to my endleſs flame:

Soveraignty, with ſcorn, I wou'd forſwear,  
 Such ſweet, dear; tempting Creatures *Women* are.

When er'e thoſe Flames grow faint, I quickly find,  
 A fierce black Storm, pour down upon my *Mind*.

Head-long, I'm hurl'd, like *Horſe-men*, who in vain,  
 Their (fury foaming) Courſers, wou'd reſtrain,

As Ships, juſt when the Harbour they attain.  
 Are ſnatcht by ſudden *Blaſts*, to Sea again:

So *Love's* fantaſtick ſtorms, reduce my Heart,  
 Half-reſcu'd, and the God reſumes his Dart.

Strike here, this undefended Boſom wound,  
 And for ſo brave a Conqueſt be renown'd.

Shafts

Shafts fly so fast to me from ev'ry part,  
 You'l scarce discern your Quiver from my Heart.  
 What Wretch can bear a live-long nights dull rest,  
 Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest ?  
 Fool--- is not sleep the Image of pale *Death* ?  
 There's time for rest, when fate has stopt your  
 breath.

Me, may my soft deluding dear deceive,  
 I'm happy in my hopes, whilst I believe.  
 Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide.  
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.  
 With doubtful steps, the God of War does move  
 By thy example, in Ambiguous Love.  
 Blown to and fro like Down from thy own Wing?  
 Who knows, when joy, or anguish, thou wilt bring ?  
 Yet at thy Mothers, and thy Slaves request,  
 Fix an Eternal Empire in my Breast ;  
 And let th' inconstant charming Sex,  
 Whose willful scorn, does Lovers vex ;  
 Submit their Hearts before thy Throne,  
 The Vassal World, is then thy own.

---

### *The Maim'd Debauchee.*

**A**S some brave *Admiral*, in former War,  
 Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage  
 still ;  
 Two Rival-Fleets, appearing from a far,  
 Crawles to the top of an adjacent Hill.

From

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he  
views

The wise, and daring Conduct of the fight,  
And each bold Action, to his mind renews,  
His present glory, and his past delight.

From his fierce Eyes, flashes of rage he throws,  
As from black Clouds, when Lightnings breaks  
away,

Transported, thinks himself amidst his Foes,  
And absent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

So when my days of impotence approach,  
And I'm by Pox, and Wines unlucky chance,  
Drov'n from the pleasing *Billows* of debauch,  
On the dull Shore of lazy temperance.

My pains at last some respite shall afford,  
Whilst I behold the Battails you maintain,  
When *Fleets* of *Glasses*, Sail about the *Board*;  
From whose Broad-sides *Vollies* of *Wit* shall rain.

Nor shall the sight of Honourable Scars,  
Which my too forward Valour did procure.  
Frighten new listed *Souldiers* from the Wars,  
Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

Shou'd hopeful Youths (worth being drunk) prove  
nice,

And from their fair Inviters meanly shrink,  
Twou'd please the *Ghost*, of my departed *Vice*,  
If at my Council, they repent and drink,

Or shou'd some cold complexion'd Sot forbid,  
 With his dull Morals, our Nights brisk Alarmes,  
 I'll fire his blood by telling what I did,  
 When I was strong, and able to bear Armes.

I'll tell of *Whores* Attacq'd their Lords at home,  
*Bawds* Quarters beaten up, and Fortrefs won,  
*Windows* demolisht, *Watches* overcome,  
 And handsome ills, by my contrivance done.

Nor shall our Love-fits *Cloris* be forgot,  
 When each the well-look'd Link-boy, strove  
     t'enjoy,  
 And the best Kifs, was the deciding Lot,  
 Whether the *Boy* us'd you, or I the *Boy*.

With Tales like these, I will such heat inspire,  
 As to the important mischief shall incline.  
 I'll make them long some Antient Church to fire,  
 And fear no lewdness there call'd to by *Wine*.

Thus *Brave-like*, I'll sawcily impose  
 And safe from danger Valiently advise,  
 Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,  
 And being good for nothing else, be wise.



An Allusion to *Horace*.*The 10th Satyr of the 1st Book.**Nempe incomposito dixi pede, &c.*

WELL Sir, 'tis granted, I said *D---Rhimes*,  
 Were stoln, unequal, nay dull many times:  
 What foolish Patron, is there found of  
 his,

So blindly partial, to deny me this?

But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down,  
 With Wit and Learning justly pleas'd the Town }  
 In the same Paper, I as freely own.

Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Mass,  
 That Stuffs up his loose *Volumns*, must not pass:  
 For by that Rule, I might aswel admit;

*C-----*, tedious Sense, for Poetry and Wit:

'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense,  
 Hits the false Judgment of an Audience:

Of clapping Fools, assembled a vast crowd,  
 Till the throng'd Play-house, crack with the dull  
 load;

Though ev'n that Talent merits in some sort,  
 That can divert the City and the Court.

Which blundring *S-----*, never cou'd attain,  
 And puzzling *O-----*, labours at in vain.

But within due proportions circumscribe

What e're you write, that with a flowing Tide,

The Style may rise, yet in its rise forbear,  
 With useless words, t' oppress the weary'd Ear.  
 Here be your Language lofty, there more light,  
 Your Rethorick with your Poetry unite :  
 For Elegance sake, sometimes allay the force  
 Of *Epithets*, 'twill soften the discourse ;  
 A jeast in scorn points out, and hits the thing  
 More home, than the *Morosest* Satyrs sting.  
*Shalcspear* and *Johnson* did herein excell,  
 And might in this be imitated well ;  
 Whom refin'd *E----*, copy's not at all,  
 But is himself, a sheer Original,  
 Nor that slow Drudge, in swift *Pindarick* strains, }  
*F-----*, who *C----* imitates with pains, }  
 And rides a jaded *Muse*, whipt with loose Rains. }  
 When *L--*, makes temp'rate *Scipio*, fret and rave,  
 And *Hannibal*, a whining Amorous Slave,  
 I laugh, and with the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool,  
 In *B-----* hands, to be well laht at School.  
 Of all our Modern Wits none seems to me, }  
 Once to have toucht upon true Comedy, }  
 But hasty *S-----*, and slow *Wicherley*. }  
*S-----*'s unfinish'd works do yet impart,  
 Great proofs of force of Nature, none of Art ;  
 With just bold strokes he dashes here and there,  
 Shewing great Mastery with little Care ;  
 And scorns to varnish his good touches o're,  
 To make the Fools and Women praise'em more.  
 But *Wicherley*, earns hard what e're he gains,  
 He wants no judgment, nor he spares no pains ;  
 He frequently excells, and at the least,  
 Makes fewer faults than any of the best.

*Waller*, by Nature, for the *Bays* design'd,  
 With force and Fire, and fancy unconfin'd,  
 In *Panegyricks* does excell Mankind. }

He best can turn, enforce and soften things,  
 To praise great Conquerors, or to flatter Kings.

For pointed Satyrs I wou'd B----- choose,  
 The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse.  
 For Songs and Verses, mannerly, obscene, }  
 That can stir Nature up by spring unseen, }  
 And without forcing blushes please the Queen. }

S-----, has that prevailing, gentle Art,  
 That can with a resistless Charm impart,  
 The loosest wishes to the chastest Heart. }  
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a Fire  
 Betwixt declining Vertue and Desire ;  
 Till the poor vanquish't Maid dissolves away,  
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all day.

D-----, in vain try'd this nice way of wit,  
 For he to be a tearing *Blade* thought fit,  
 To give the Ladies a dry Bawdy bob,  
 And thus he got the name of Poet *Squab*.  
 But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,  
 His Excellencies more than faults abound,  
 Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear,  
 That Lawrel which he best deserves to wear,  
 But does not D-----, find ev'n *Johnson* dull ?  
*Fletcher* and *Beaumont*, uncorrect and full,  
 Of lewd Lines as he calls 'em ? *Shake-spears* stile  
 Stiff and affected ; to his own the while,  
 Allowing all the justness, that his Pride  
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd ?  
 And may not I, have leave impartially,

To search, and censure *D-----* Works, and try,  
 If those gross faults his choice Pen does commit,  
 Proceed from want of Judgment or of Wit?  
 Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse  
 Spirit and Grace to his loose flattern Muse?  
 Five hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ,  
 Proves you no more a Poet than a Wit:  
 Such scribling Authors have been seen before  
*Mustapha*, the *English Princess*, forty more,  
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour,  
 To write what may securely stand the *Test*,  
 Of being well read over thrice at least;  
 Compare each Phrase, examine ev'ry Line,  
 Weigh ev'ry Word, and ev'ry thought refine;  
 Scorn all applause the vile Rout can bestow,  
 And be content to please those few who know.  
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,  
 To wish thy *Works* might make a Play-house ring.  
 VWith the unthinking Laughter, and poor praise  
 Of Fops and Ladies Factionous for thy Plays;  
 Then send a cunning Friend to learn thy doom,  
 From the shrewd Judges of the drawing Room.  
 I've no Ambition on that idle score,  
 But say with *Betty M-----*, heretofore,  
 When a great Woman call'd her Bawdy Whore;  
 I please one Man of VVit, am proud on't too,  
 Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.  
 Shou'd I be troubled when the Pur-blind Knight,  
 Who squints more in his Judgment than his sight,  
 Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?  
 Or when the poor-fed Poets of the Town  
 For Scraps and Coach-room cry my Verses down?

I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me,  
 If S,-----S,-----S,-----W-----,  
 G,-----B,-----B,-----B-----,  
 And some few more, whom I omit to name,  
 Approve my sence, I count their censure Fame.

---

*In defence of Satyr.*

**W**Hen *Shakes. Johns. Fletcher*, rul'd the Stage,  
 They took so bold a freedom with the  
 Age,

That there was scarce a Knave, or Fool in Town,  
 Of any note, but had his Picture shown ;  
 And (without doubt) though some it may offend, }  
 Nothing helps more than *Satyr*, to amend }  
 Ill Manners, or is trulier Vertues Friend.

Princes, may Laws ordain, Priests gravely Preach,  
 But Poets, most successfully will teach.

For as a Passing Bell, frights from his Meat;  
 The greedy Sick Man : that too much wou'd Eat ;  
 So when a *Vice*, ridiculous is made,  
 Our Neighbours shame, keeps us from growing  
 bad.

But wholesome remedies, few Palates please,  
 Men rather love, what flatters their Disease ;  
*Pimps, Parasites, Buffoons*, and all the Crew,  
 That under Friendships name, weak Men undoe ;  
 Find their false Service, kindlier understood,  
 Than such as tell bold Truths to do us good.

Look where you will, and you shall hardly find,  
A Man, without some sickness of the mind.  
In vain we wise wou'd seem, while ev'ry Lust,  
Whisks us about, as Whirlwinds do the Dust.

Here for some needless Gain, a Wretch is hurl'd  
From Pole, to Pole, and Slav'd about the VWorld ;  
VWhile the reward of all his Pains and Care,  
Ends in that despicable thing, his Heir.

There a vain *Fop*, Mortgages all his Land,  
To buy that gawdy Plaything a Command,  
To ride a Cock-Horse, wear a Scarfe at's Arse,  
And play the *Pudding*, in a *May-day-farce*.

Here one whom Fortune to be a Fool, thought fit,  
In spight of it's decree will be a VVit.  
But wanting strength, t'uphold his ill made choice,  
Set up his Lewdness, Blasphemy, and Noise,  
There at his *Mrs.* Feet a Lover lyes,  
And for a Tawdry Painted Baby dyes.  
Falls on his Knees, adores, and is afraid  
Of the vain Idol, he himself has made.

These, and a thousand Fools unmention'd here,  
Hate Poets all, because they Poets fear ;  
Take heed (they cry) yonder *Mad Dog* will bite,  
He cares not whom he falls on in his fit ;  
Come but in's way, and strait a new *Lampoone*  
Shall spread your mangled Fame about the Town,

But why am I this *Bug-bear* to ye all ?  
My Pen is dipt in no such bitter Gall.  
He that can rail at one he calls his Friend,  
Or hear him absent wrong'd, and not defend ;  
VWho for the sake of some ill natur'd Jeast,  
Tells what he shou'd conceal, invents the rest ;

To fatal Mid-night quarrels, can betray,  
 His brave Companion, and then run away ;  
 Leaving him to be murder'd in the street,  
 Then put it off, with some *Buffoone* conceit ;  
 This, this is he, you shou'd beware of all,  
 Yet him a pleasant witty Man, you call  
 To whet your dull Debauches up and down,  
 You seek him as top *Fidler* of the Town.

But if I laugh when the *Play Coxcombs* show,  
 To see that *Booby Sotus* dance *Provoe*,  
 Or chatt'ring *Porus*, from the Side *Box* grin,  
 Trickt like a Ladys *Monkey* new made clean.  
 To me the name of Railer strait you give,  
 Call me a Man that knows not how to live.

But VVenches to their Keepers true shall turn,  
 StaleMaids long slighted, proffer'd Husbands scorn,  
 Great *Hero's* flatt'ry, and Clinches hate,  
 And long in Office dye without Estate.

Without a Fee, great Council causes plead,  
 The Countrey Knav'ry want the Citys Pride.  
 E're that black Malice in my Rhymes you find,  
 That wrongs a worthy Man, or hurts a Friend.  
 But then perhaps you'l say, why do you write ?  
 What you think harmless Mirth, the World thinks  
 Spight.

Why shou'd your Fingers itch to have a lash  
 At *Simius* the *Buffoon*, or *Cully Bash* ?  
 What is't to you, if *A-----* fine Whore,  
 Sups with some *Fop*, whilst he's shut out of Door ?  
 Consider pray, that dang'rous weapon Wit,  
 Frightens a Million, when a few you hit.

Whip

Whip but a Curr, as you ride through the Town,  
 And strait his fellow Curr's the Quarrel own,  
 Each Knave or Fool, that's conscious of a Crime,  
 Tho he escapes now, looks for't another time.

Sir, I confess all you have said is true,  
 But who has not some Folly to pursue ?

*Milo* turn'd *Quixot*, fancy'd Battails Fights,  
 When the fifth Bottle, had encreas'd the Lights.  
 War-like Dirt Pyes, our *Heroe Paris* forms,  
 Which desp'rate *Bessus* without Armour storms.

*Cornu*, the kind Husband, e're was born,  
 Still Courts the Spark, that does his Brows adorn.  
 Invites him home to Dine, and fills his Veins,  
 With the hot Blood, which his dear *Doxy* drains.

*Gra*----thinks himself a *Beau-Garcon*,  
 Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down ;  
 And with his sawch Love, plagues all the Town. }  
 While pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,  
 He's caught with *G*----, that old Hag abed.  
 But shou'd I all the crying Follies tell,  
 That rouse the sleeping *Say*--- from his Cell.  
 I to my *Reader*, shou'd as tedious prove,  
 As that old Spark, *Alb*---- making love :  
 Or florid *Ros*----, when with some smooth sham,  
 He gravely on the publick, tries to sham.

Hold then my Muse, 'tis time to make an end,  
 Least taxing others, thou thy self offend.  
 The World's a Wood, in which all loose their way,  
 Though by a different Path, each goes astray.



*On the Suppos'd Author of a late Poem in  
defence of Satyr.*

**T**O rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain,  
 In *Satyr's* praise to a low untun'd strain,  
 In thee was most impertinent and vain.  
 When in thy Person we more clearly see,  
 That *Satyr's* of Divine Authority,  
 For God made one on Man when he made thee.  
 To shew there were some Men, as there are *Apes*.  
 Fram'd for meer sport, who differ but in shapes :  
 In thee are all these contradictions joyn'd,  
 That make an *Ass* prodigious and refin'd.  
 A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born.  
 Begot in Loves despit and Natures scorn ;  
 And art grown up the most ungraceful Wight,  
 Harsh to the Ear, and hideous to the sight,  
 Yet Love's thy bus'ness, Beauty thy delight.  
 Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd,  
 Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd ;  
 To paint thy grizly Face, to dance, to dress,  
 And all those Awkward Follies that express,  
 Thy loathsome Love, and filthy daintiness.  
 Who needs will be a Ugly *Beau-Garcon*,  
 Spit at, and shun'd by ev'ry Girl in Town ;  
 Where dreadfully Loves Scare-crow, thou art plac'd  
 To fright the tender Flock that long to taste :  
 VVhile ev'ry coming Maid, when you appear,  
 Starts back for shame, and strait turns chaste for  
 fear.

For

For none so poor, or Prostitute have prov'd,  
 VWhere you made love, t'endure to be below'd.  
 'Twere labour lost, or else I wou'd advise.  
 But thy half Wit will ne're let thee be wise.  
 Half-witty, and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,  
 Half-honest (which is very much a Knave.)  
 Made up of all these halves, thou can'st not pass,  
 For any thing intirely but an *Ass*.

---

*The Answer.*

**R**ail on poor feeble Scribler, speak of me,  
 In as bad Terms, as the VWorld speaks of  
 thee.

Sit swelling in thy Hole, like a vext *Toad*,  
 And full of Pox, and Malice, spit abroad.  
 Thou can'st hurt no Mans Fame with thy ill word,  
 Thy Pen, is full as harmless as thy Sword.

---

*Upon his leaving his Mistriss.*

**T**Is not that I'm weary grown,  
 Of being yours, and yours alone,  
 But with what Face can I incline,  
 To damn you to be only mine?  
 You whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,

By

By merit and by inclination,  
The joy at least of one whole Nation.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex  
With humbler aims their thoughts perplex,  
And boast, if by their Arts they can  
Contrive to make one happy Man;  
Whilst mov'd by an impartial sense,  
Favours like Nature you dispence,  
With Universal influence.

See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,  
To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth;  
On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,  
Her willing Womb retains 'em all,  
And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?  
No live up to thy mighty Mind,  
And be the Mistriss of Mankind.

*Upon his drinking a Bowl.*

**V***ulcan* contrive me such a Cup,  
As *Nestor* us'd of old;  
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,  
Damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack,  
Up to the swelling brim;  
Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,  
Like Ships at Sea may swim.

Engrave

Engrave not Battle on his Cheek,  
 With War I've nought to do ;  
 I'm none of those that took *Mastrich*,  
 Nor *Yarmouth* Leager knew.

Let it no name of Planets tell,  
 Fixt Stars or Constellations ;  
 For I am no Sir *Sydrophell*,  
 Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine,  
 Then add two lovely Boys ;  
 Their Limbs in Amorous folds intwine,  
 The Type of future joys.

*Cupid* and *Bacchus* my Saints are,  
 May Drink and Love still reign,  
 With Wine I wash away my cares,  
 And then to Love again.

---

*Song.*

AS *Cloris* full of harmless thoughts,  
 Beneath a Willow lay ;  
 Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,  
 To pass the time away.

She blusht to be encounter'd so,  
 And chid the Amorous Swain ;  
 But as she strove to rise and go,  
 He pull'd her down again.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,  
 In spite of her disdain ;  
 She found a Pulse in ev'ry part,  
 And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah you (said she) what Charmes are these,  
 That conquer and surprize ;  
 Ah let me---for unless you please,  
 I have no Pow'r to rise.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,  
 For fear he shou'd comply ;  
 Her lovely Eyes, her Heart betray,  
 And gives her Tongue the lye.

Thus she, whom Princes had deny'd,  
 With all their Pomp and Train ;  
 Was in the lucky Minute try'd,  
 And yielded to the *Swain*.

*Song.*

**I** Rise at eleven, I Dine about two,  
 I get drunk before seven, and the next thing I  
 do ;  
 I send for my Whore, when for fear of a Clap,  
 I dally about her, and spew in her Lap:  
 There we quarrel, and scold till I fall asleep,  
When

When the jilt growing bold, to my Pocket does  
creep;

Then slyly she leaves me, and to revenge th' af-  
front,

At once both my Lafs, and my Money I want

If by chance then I wake, hot-headed, and drunk

What a coyl do I make for the loss of my Punk?

I storm, and I roar, and I fall in a rage,

And missing my Lafs, I fall on my Page:

Then crop-sick, all Morning I rail at my Men,

And in Bed I lye Yawning till eleven again.

*Song.*

**L**ove a Woman! y'are an *Ass*,  
'Tis a most insipid Passion  
To choose out for your happiness!  
The idlest part of the Creation.

Let the Porter, and the Groom,  
Things design'd for dirty Slaves,  
Drudge in fair *Anrelia's* Womb,  
To get supplies for Age and Graves.

Farewel Woman, I intend,  
Henceforth ev'ry Night to sit,  
With my lewd well natur'd Friend,  
Drinking to engender Wit.

Then

Then give me Health, Wealth, Mirth and Wine,  
 And if busie Love intrenches,  
 There's a sweet soft Love of mine,  
 Does the trick worth forty Wenches.

---

### *Song to Cloris.*

**F**Air *Cloris* in a Pig-Stye, lay,  
 Her tender Herd lay by her,  
 She slept in murm'ring gruntlings, they  
 Complaining of the scorching Day,  
 Her slumbers thus inspire.

She dreamt, while she with careful pains,  
 Her snow Arms employ'd,  
 In Ivory Pails, to fill out Grains,  
 One of her Love convicted Swaynes,  
 Thus hasting to her cry'd.

Fly Nymph ! O fly ! e're 'tis too late,  
 A dear lov'd life to save,  
 Rescue your Bosom *Pig*, from Fate,  
 Who now expires, hung in the Gate,  
 That leads to yonder Cave.

My self had try'd to set him free,  
 Rather than brought the News,  
 But I am so abhorr'd by thee,  
 That ev'n thy Darlings life from me,  
 I know thou woud'st refuse.

Struck with the News, as quick she flies,  
 As blushes to her Face ;  
 Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,  
 Nor Love, shot from her brighter Eyes,  
 Move half so swift a pace.

This Plot, it seems the lustful, Slave,  
 Had laid against her Honour,  
 Which not one God, took care to save,  
 For he pursues her to the Cave,  
 And throws himself upon her.

Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,  
 She feels the Foe within it,  
 She hears a broken Am'rous groan,  
 The panting Lovers fainting moan,  
 Just in the happy Minute.

Frighted she wakes, and waking sighs,  
 Nature thus kindly eas'd,  
 In dreams rais'd by her murm'ring Pigs,  
 And her own Thumb between her Legs,  
 She's innocently pleas'd.



*Song.*

**G**ive me leave to rail at you,  
 I ask nothing but my due;  
 To call you false, and then to say,  
 You shall not keep my Heart a day.  
 But alas! against my will,  
 I must be your Captive still.  
 Ah! be kinder then, for I  
 Cannot change, and wou'd not dye.

Kindness has resistless charmes,  
 All besides, but weakly move,  
 Fiercest anger it disarms,  
 And clips the Wings of flying love.  
 Beauty does the Heart invade,  
 Kindness only can perswade;  
 It guilds the Lovers servile Chain,  
 And makes the Slave grow pleas'd again.

---

*The Answer.*

**N**othing adds to your fond Fire,  
 More than scorn, and cold disdain,  
 I to cherish your desire,  
 Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.

You insulted on your Slave,  
 Humble love you soon refus'd,  
 Hope not then a pow'r to have,  
 When ingloriously you us'd.

Think not *Thirsis* I will e're,  
 By my love my Empire loose ;  
 You grow constant through despair,  
 Love return'd, you wou'd abuse.  
 Though you still possess my Heart,  
 Scorn and rigor I must feign.  
 Ah ! Forgive that only Art,  
 Love has left, your love to gain.

You that cou'd my Heart subdue,  
 To new Conquests ne're pretend,  
 Let your example make me true,  
 And of a Conquer'd Foe, a Friend :  
 Then if e're I shou'd complain,  
 Of your Empire, or my Chain,  
 Summon all your pow'rful Charms,  
 And sell the Rebel in your Arms.

*The Advice.*

**H**OW now, brave *Swain*, why art thou thus cast  
down ?

Can *Amarillas* scorn, or Angry frown ?  
The Gay, the Witty, and bold destroy,  
And cut his dayes off in Abortive joy ;  
Whilst Sullen grief, sits on his manly Brow,  
And Broods dispaire, to which his Soul dares bow ;  
For shame rouse up, consider well the cause,  
The worthless Reason, prethee *Strephon* Pause,  
And be adviz'd, consider 'tis a Woman,  
A thing so mean, so senseless, and so common ;  
That Nature blush't when first she made the Sex,  
As good for nothing but the World to vex :  
The pevish offspring of our humours bad,  
Which gath'ring to one place, that Creature made,  
Easing us of an Excrementish Load,  
Which else wou'd have infected all our blood ;  
And tainting, our free Souls have kept them back,  
In Glorys search, and Fames immortal Track.  
Consider this, and all her Charms dispize,  
Unmov'd, repell the lightning of her Eyes :  
Smile when she Frowns, Frown when she Smiles ;  
and be  
From her weak Chains, for ever after free.

*Plain Dealings Downfall.*

**L**ong time plain dealing in the Hauty Town,  
Wandering about, though in thread-bare Gown,  
At last unanimously was cry'd down.

When almost starv'd, she to the Countrey fled,  
In hopes, though meanly she shou'd there be fed,  
And tumble Nightly on a Pea-straw Bed.

But Knav'ry knowing her intent, took post,  
And Rumour'd her approach through every Coast,  
Vowing his Ruin that shou'd be her host.

Frighted at this, each *Rustick* shut his door,  
Bid her be gone, and trouble him no more,  
For he that entertain'd her must be poor.

At this grief seiz'd her, grief too great to tell,  
When weeping, sighing, fainting, down she fell,  
Whil's Kavery Laughing, Rung her passing Bell.

---

*Song.*

**P***hilis*, be gentler I advise,  
Make up for time mispent,  
When Beauty on its Death-bed lyes  
'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,  
That makes you old so soon,

Your

Your pleasure ever comes too late,  
How early e're begun.

Think what a wretched thing is she,  
Whose Stars contrive in spight,  
The Morning of her love shou'd be,  
Her fading Beauties Night.

Then if to make your ruin more,  
You'l peevishly be coy,  
Dye with the scandal of a Whore,  
And never know the joy.

---

*Song.*

**W**Hat cruel pains *Corinna* takes,  
To force that harmless frown,  
When not a Charm her Face forsakes;  
Love cannot loose his own.

So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,  
Such Eyes, so very kind,  
Betray alas! the silly Art,  
Virtue had ill design'd.

Poor feeble *Tyrant*, who in vain,  
Wou'd proudly take upon her,  
Against kind Nature, to maintain,  
Affected Rules of Honour.

The scorn she bears, so helpless proves  
 When I plead passion to her,  
 That much she fears, but more she loves,  
 Her *Vassal* thou'd undo her.

---

*Womans Honour.*

**L**ove, bad me hope, and I obeyd  
*Philis* continued still unkind,  
 Then you may e'ne despair he said,  
 In vain I strive to change her Mind.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;  
 Durst he but venture once abroad,  
 In my own right, I'd take your part,  
 And shew my self the mightier God.

This huffing Honour domineers,  
 In Breast alone, where he has place;  
 But if true gen'rous Love appears,  
 The Hector dares not show his Face.

Let me still Languish and complain,  
 Be most unhumanely deny'd,  
 I have some pleasure in my pain,  
 She can have none with all her Pride.

I fall a Sacrifice to Love,  
 She lives a Wretch for Honours sake,

Whose

Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,  
The difference is not hard to make.

Consider real Honour then,  
You'l find hers cannot be the same,  
'Tis Noble confidence in Men,  
In Women, mean mistrustful shame.

---

*Song.*

TO this moment a Rebel I throw down my  
Arms,  
Great Love, at first sight of *Olinda's* bright  
Charmes,  
Made proud, and secure, by such forces as these,  
You may now play the Tyrant, as soon as you  
please.

When Innocence Beauty and Wit do conspire,  
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire.  
Why shou'd I decline, what I cannot avoid ;  
And let pleasing hope, by base fear be destroy'd.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,  
Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why shou'd it pursue me ?  
And Wit has to pleasure been ever a Friend,  
Then what room for despair, since delight is Loves  
end.

There

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,  
 Where Love is secur'd by good nature and truth.  
 On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain,  
 While ev'ry kind look adds a Link to my Chain.

'Tis more to maintain, then it was to surprize,  
 But her Wit leads in triumph the Slave of her eyes,  
 I behold with the loss of my freedom before,  
 But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my *Goddeſs*, her *Temple* too weak,  
 Retire Divine Image, I feel my Heart break,  
 Help Love! I dissolve in a Rapture of Charms,  
 At the thought of those joys, I shou'd meet in her  
                   Armes.

*Song.*

**H**ow happy *Cloris* (were they free)  
 Might our enjoyments prove?  
 But you with former Jealousie,  
 Are still tormenting Love.

Let us (since Wit instructs us how)  
 Raise Pleasure to the top,  
 If *Rival Bottle*, you'll allow,  
 I'll suffer *Rival Fop*.

Ther's



Ther's not a brisk insipid Spark,  
 That flutters in the Town,  
 But with your wanton Eyes you mark,  
 The Coxcomb for your own.

You never think it worth your care,  
 How empty nor how dull,  
 The Heads of your admirers are,  
 So that their *Purse* be full.

All this you freely may confess,  
 Yet we'll not disagree ;  
 For did you love your pleasure less,  
 You were not fit for me.

While I my passion to pursue,  
 Am whole Nights taking in,  
 The lusty Juice of Grapes, take you  
 The lusty Juice of Men.

### Love and Life, a Song.

ALL my past Life is mine no more,  
 The flying hours are gone ;  
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o're,  
 Whose Images are kept in store,  
 By Memory alone.

What ever is to come, is not,  
 How can it then be mine ?  
 The present Moment's all my Lot,  
 And that as fast as it is got,  
*Philis* is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,  
 False Hearts and broken Vows,  
 If I by Miracle can be,  
 This live-long Minute true to thee,  
 'Twas all that Heav'n allows.

---

*The Fall, a Song.*

**H**OW blest was the Created State,  
 Of Man and Woman, e're they fell,  
 Compar'd to our unhappy Fate ;  
 We need not fear another Hell.

Naked beneath cool Shades they lay,  
 Enjoyment waited on desire.  
 Each Member did their wills obey,  
 Nor cou'd a wish set pleasure higher.

But we poor Slaves, to hope and fear,  
 Are never of our joys secure.  
 They lessen still as they draw near.  
 And none but dull delights endure.

Then

Then *Cloris*, while I duty pay,  
 The Noble Tribute of my Heart.  
 Be not you so severe to say,  
 You love me for a frailer part.

---

*Song.*

**W**Hile on those lovely looks I gaze,  
 To see a Wretch pursuing,  
 In Raptures of a blest amaze.  
 This pleasing happy ruin.  
 'Tis not for pitty that I move,  
 His Fate is too aspiring,  
 Whose Heart broke with a load of Love.  
 Dyes wishing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forgo,  
 Your Slave from Death removing.  
 Let me your Art of Charming know,  
 Or learn you mine of Loving.  
 But whether Life or Death betide,  
 In Love 'tis equal measure.  
 The Victor lives with empty pride,  
 The Vanquisht dye with pleasure.

---

*Song.*

**R**oom, room, for a Blade of the Town,  
 That takes delight in Roaring,  
 And dayly Rambles up and down,  
 And at Night in the Street lyes snoaring,  
 That

That for the Noble name of *Spark*,  
 Dares his Companions rally;  
 Commits a Murther in the dark,  
 Then sneaks into an Alley  
 To ev'ry Female that he meets,  
 He swears he bares affection,  
 Defies all Laws, Arrests, and Feats,  
 By help of a Protection.  
 Then he intending further wrongs :  
 By some resenting Cully,  
 Is decently run through the Lungs,  
 And there's an end of *Bully*.

---

*Song.*

**A**gainst the Charms our Passions have,  
 How weak all humane skill is ?  
 Since they can make a Man a Slave,  
 To such a Wretch as *Philis*.

Whom that I may describe throughout,  
 Assist me Loving Pow'rs,  
 I'll write upon a double Clout,  
 And dip my Pen in Show'rs.

Her look's demurely impudent,  
 Ungainly Beautiful,  
 Her Modesty is insolent,  
 Her Mirth is pert and dull.

A Prostitute to all the Town,  
 And yet with no Man Friends,  
 She rails and scolds when she lyes down,  
 And Curfes loud she sends.

Bawdy in thoughts, precise in words,  
 Ill natur'd and a Whore,  
 No part of her ought good affords,  
 She's all a Common-shore.

---

*Song.*

I Cannot change as others do  
 Though you unjustly scorn,  
 Since that poor Swayn that sighs for you,  
 For you alone was born.  
 No *Philis*, no, your Heart to move,  
 A surer way I'll try,  
 And to revenge my slighted Love,  
 Will still Love on, will still Love on and dye.

When kill'd with grief *Amyntas* lyes,  
 And you to mind shall call,  
 The sighs that now unpitty'd rise,  
 The Tears that vainly fall;  
 That welcome hour that ends this smart,  
 Will then begin your pain,  
 For such a faithful tender Heart,  
 Can never break, can never break in vain.

*The Mock Song.*

**I** Wench as well as others do,  
 I'm young, not yet deform'd,  
 My tender Heart, sincere and true,  
 Deserves not to be scorn'd.  
 Why *Philis* then, why will you Trade  
 With forty Lovers more?  
 Can I (said she) with Nature strive,  
 Alas I am, alas I am a Whore.

Were all my Body larded o're,  
 With Darts of Love so thick,  
 That you might find in ev'ry Pore,  
 A Dart of Love did stick.  
 Whilst yet my Eyes alone were free,  
 My Heart wou'd never doubt,  
 In Am'rous Rage and Extasie,  
 To wish those Eyes, to wish those Eyes put out.

## Actus Primus Scena Prima.

*Enter Tafander and Siveanthe.*

The Scene.

A

*Bed-Chamber.*

*Taf.* **F**Or Lusty *Vigor* we kind Nature thank,  
And yet adore those that makes vigor  
lank ;

Unhappy Morals ! whose sublimest joy,  
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

*Siv.* Do not Woman, Natures best gift despise,  
For she that takes you down, will make you rise ;  
Though you a while the Amorous Combat shun,  
And seem from Loves sweet Combate cloy'd to run ;  
Yet you'll return more vig'rous, and more fierce,  
Than flaming Drunkard, when he's dy'd in Tierce,  
You but retire as loosing Gamesters do,  
Till they have rais'd a stock to play anew.

*Taf.* What pleasure has a Gamester, if he knows  
When e're he plays, that he must always loose ?

*Siv.* What so you loose, it 'twere a pain to keep,  
We say not that our Nights are lost in sleep ;  
What pleasures we in those soft Wars employ,  
We do not wast, but to the full enjoy. [*ex Taf.*]

E

*Enter*

*Enter Celia.*

*Cel.* Madam, methinks those sleepy Eyes declare,  
 Too lately you have eas'd a Lovers care ;  
 I fear you have with interest repaid,  
 Those eager joys, which you Embracing had.

*Siv.* With force united, my soft Heart he st<sup>om</sup>'d,  
 Like Age he doted, but like Youth perform'd.  
 She that alone her Lover can withstand,  
 Is more than Woman, or he less than Man. [*Exeunt.*]

*Consideratus, Considerandus.*

**W**Hat pleasures can the gaudy World  
 afford ?

What true delights do's teeming Na-  
 ture hoard ? (sure,

In her great Store-house, where she lays her trea-  
 Alas, 'tis all the shadow of a pleasure ;  
 No true Content in all her works are found,  
 No solid Joys in all Earths spacious round :  
 For Labouring Man, who toils himself in vain,  
 Eagerly grasping, what creates his pain.  
 How false and feeble, nay scarce worth a Name,  
 Are Riches, Honour, Pow'r, and babbling Fame.  
 Yet 'tis, for these Men wade through Seas of Blood,  
 And bold in *Mischief*, Storm to be withstood :  
 Which



Which when obtain'd, breed but Stupendious Fear,  
 Strife, Jealousies, and sleep disturbing care;  
 No beam of comfort, not a Ray of light (Night;  
 Shines thence, to guide us through Fates Gloomy  
 But lost in devious Darknes, there we stay,  
 Bereft of Reason in an endless way;  
 Vertue's the Solland good, if any be;  
 'Tis that Creates our true Felicitie;  
 Though we Despise, Contemn, and cast it by,  
 As worthless, or our fatal'st Enemy;  
 Because our darling lusts it dare controule,  
 And bound the Roveings of the Madding Soul.  
 Therefore in Garments poor, it still appears,  
 And sometimes (naked) it no Garment wears;  
 Shun'd by the Great, and worthless thought by  
 most,

Urg'd to be gone, or wish'd for ever lost;  
 Yet is it loath to leave our wretched Coast.  
 But in disguise do's here and there intrude,  
 Striving to conquer base Ingratitude:  
 And boldly ventures now and then to Shine,  
 So to make known it is of Birth divine;  
 But Clouded oft, it like the Lightning plays,  
 Looking as soon as seen, it's pointed Rays. (wit,  
 Which Scarceness makes those that are weak in  
 For Virtues self, admire it's counterfeit:  
 With which dam'd *Hippocrates* the World delude,  
 As we on *Indians Glass*, for Gems intrude.

*The first Letter from B. to Mr. E.*

**D**reaming last Night on Mrs. *Farley*,  
 My thing was up this Morning early ;  
 And I was fain without my Gown,  
 To rise i'th' cold to get him down.  
 Hard shift alas, but yet a sure,  
 Although it be no pleasing cure.  
 Of old the fair *Egyptian* Slattern,  
 For Luxury that had no Pattern,  
 To fortifie her *Roman* Swinger,  
 Instead of Nutmegs, Mace and Ginger,  
 Did spice his Bow'ls (as Story tells)  
 With Warts of Rocks, and Spawn of Shells,  
 It had been happy for her Grace,  
 Had I been in the *Romans* place.  
 I who do scorn that any Stone.  
 Shou'd raise my Tackle but my own.  
 Had laid her down on ev'ry Couch,  
 And spard'd her Pearl and Diamond Brouch,  
 Until her Memplian Majesty,  
 Being happily reclaim'd by me,  
 From all her wild expensive ways,  
 Had worn her Gems on Holy Days.  
 But since her Love has long been over,  
 Let us what's in this age discover.

I must intreat you by this Letter,  
 To enquire for Maids, the more the better :  
 Hunger makes any Man a Glutton,  
 If *Roberts, Thomas, Mrs. Dutton.*

Or any other Dame of note,  
 Inform of a fresh Petticoat.  
 Enquire I pray with Friendly care,  
 Where their respective Lodgings are.  
 Some do compare a Man t' a Barque,  
 A pretty Metaphor, pray mark,  
 And with a long and tedious story,  
 Will all the Tackling lay before ye.  
 The Sails are Hope, the Masts desire,  
 Till they the gentlest Reader tire.  
 But howso'ere they keep a pudder,  
 I'm sure the P----- is the Rudder.  
 The pow'rful Rudder, which of force,  
 To Town must shortly steer my Course;  
 And if you do not there provide  
 A Port where I may safely ride.  
 Landing in haste in some foul Creek,  
 'Tis ten to one I spring a Leak.

Next I must make it my request,  
 If you have any interest;  
 Or can by any means discover,  
 Some lamentable Rhyming Lover,  
 Who shall in Numbers harsh and vile,  
 His Mistriſs, Nymph, or Goddess ſtile.  
 Send all his Labours down to me,  
 By the firſt opportunity.

Or any Knights of your round Table  
 To other Scriblers formidable.  
 Guilty themſelves of the ſame Crime,  
 Dreſs Nonſenſe up in ragged Rhyme,  
 As once a Week, they ſeldom fail,  
 Inſpir'd with Love and Grid-Iron Ale.

Or any paultery Poetry,  
 Tho from the place where Scholers be.  
 Who when the *K---* and *Q---* were there,  
 Did both their Wit and Learning spare;  
 And have (I hope) endeavour'd since,  
 To make the World some recompence.  
 Such damn'd *Fustian*, when you meet,  
 Be not to rash or indiscreet;  
 Tho they can find no just excuses,  
 To put 'em to their proper uses,  
 Tho fatal Privy, or the Fire,  
 Their Nobler Foe, at my desire.  
 Restrain your nat'ral profuseness,  
 And spare 'em, though you have a looseness.

---

*Mr. E---s Answer.*

**A**S crafty *Harlots* use to shrink,  
 From *Letchers*, dos'd with sleep and drink,  
 When they intend to make up Pack,  
 By filching Sheets, or Shirt from Back,  
 So were you pleas'd to steal away  
 From me, whilst on your Bid I lay:  
 But long you had not been departed,  
 When pincht with cold from thence I started;  
 Where missing you, I stamp't and star'd,  
 Like *Bacon*, when he wak'd and heard,  
 his *Brazen Head* in vain had spoke,  
 And saw it lye in pieces broke,

Sighing,

Sighing, I to my Chamber make,  
 And ev'ry *Limb* was stiff as stake.  
 Unless poor *Pego*, which did feel.  
 Like slimey skin of new stript Eele,  
 Or Pudding, that mischance had got ;  
 And lost it self half in the Pot.  
 With care, I cheard the sneaking wretch,  
 That late had been in a deep Ditch :  
 But neither Shirt, nor Water cou'd,  
 Remove the stench of filthy Mud.  
 The Queen of Love from Sea did spring,  
 Whence the best *Merkins* scent like *Ling*.  
 But sure this over jilting Jade,  
 Was off some fouler Matter made ;  
 Or else her Breath cou'd never stink,  
 Like Pump that's foul, or nasty Sink.

When this was done, to Bed I went,  
 And the whole Day, in sleep I spent ;  
 But the next Morning fresh and gay,  
 As Citizen on Holy Day ;  
 I wander'd in the spacious Town,  
 Amongst the Dames of best renown !  
 To *T----* I a visit made,  
*T----* ! the Beauty of her Trade !  
 The only Bawd that ever I,  
 For want of *Doxie* cou'd employ ?  
 She made me Friends with Mrs. *Caffey*,  
 Whom we indeed had us'd too roughly ;  
 For by a gentler way I found,  
 She wou'd be kind under ten Pound.  
 So resty Jades which scorn to stir,  
 Though oft provok'd by Switch and Spur :

By milder usage may be got,  
To fall into their wonted Trot.

But what success I further had,  
And what discov'ries good and bad,  
I made roving up and down,  
• I'll tell you when you come to Town.

Further, I have obey'd your motion,  
Though much provok'd by Pill and Potion,  
And sent you down some paultry Rhymes,  
The greatest grievance of our Times ;  
When such as Nature never made,  
For Poets daily will invade  
Wits Empire, both the Stage and Press,  
And which is worse, with good success.

---

*The Second Letter from B---- to  
Mr. E-----*

IF I can guess the Devil choak me,  
What horrid fury cou'd provoke thee,  
To use thy railing scurr'lous Wit,  
'Gainst Loves Joys, the force of it:  
For what but Love, and transports raise  
Our thoughts to Songs, and Roundelays ?  
Enables us to *Annagrams*  
And other Amorous flim flams ?  
Then we write Plays, and so proceed,  
To Bays, the Poets sacred Weed,

Hast no respect for God *Priapus* ?  
 That Antient Story shall not scape us.  
*Priapus* was a *Roman* God,  
 But in plain *English*, -----,  
 That pleas' their Sisters, Wives and Daughters,  
 Guarded their Pippins and Pomwaters,  
 For at the Orchards utmost entry,  
 This mighty Guardian stood Centry ;  
 Invested in a tatter'd Blanket,  
 To scare the Mag-Pyes from their Banquet :  
 But this may serve to shew we trample,  
 On Rule and Method by example.  
 Of Authors who do snap at all,  
 Will talk of *Cæsar*, i'th' Capitol,  
 Of *Ciminius* Beams, and *Sols* bright Ray, }  
 Known Foe to Butter-milk and Whey, }  
 Which softens Wax, and hardens Clay. }  
 All this without the least connexion,  
 Which to say truth's enough to vex ore ;  
 But farewell all Poetique dizziness,  
 And now to come unto the business.

Tell the bright Nymph, how sad and pensively  
 E're since we us'd her so offensively,  
 In dismal shades, with Arms a cross,  
 I sit lamenting of my loss ;  
 To *Eccho* I her Name commend,  
 Who has it now at her Tongues end,  
 And *Parrot*-like repeats the same,  
 For shou'd you talk of *Tamberlyn*,  
*Cuffey* ! she cries at the same time,  
 Though the last Accents do not Rhyme :  
 Far more than *Eccho*, e're did yet,

For *Philis* or bright *Amoret*.

With Pen-knife keen of mod'rate size,  
As bright and piercing as her Eyes;  
A glitt'ring Weapon which wou'd scorn,  
To pair a Nail, or cut a Corn;  
Upon the Trees of smoothest Bark,  
I carve her Name or else her mark,  
Which commonly's a bleeding Heart,  
A weeping Eye or flaming Dart.

Here on a Beech like Am'rous Sot,  
I sometimes carve a True-loves Knot;  
There a tall Oak her name does bear,  
In a large spreading Character.  
I chose the fairest and the best  
Of all the Grove among the rest.  
I carv'd it on a Lofty Pine,  
Which wept a pint of Turpentine;  
Such was the terror of her Name,  
By the report of evil Fame  
Who tir'd with immoderate flight,  
Had lodg'd upon its Boughs all Night.  
The wary Tree, who fear'd a Clap,  
And knew the vertue of his Sap,  
Dropt Balsom into ev'ry Wound,  
And in an hours time was found.  
But you are unacquainted yet,  
With half the pow'r of *Amoret*,  
For she can drink, as well as do,  
Her growing Empire still must grow;  
Our Hearts weak Forts, we must resign,  
When Beauty does it's forces joyn  
With Mans strong Enemy, good Wine: }

This



This I was told by -----,  
 A Man whose word I much relie on,  
 He kept touch, and came down hither,  
 When thou wert scar'd with the foul Weather:  
 But if thou wou'dst forgiven be,  
 Say that thy Love detained thee.  
 Love, whose strong Charms the World bewitches,  
 The joy of Kings! the Beggars Riches!  
 The Courtiers business, Citizens leisure!  
 The tyr'd Tinkers, ease and pleasure!  
 Of which alas I've leave to prate,  
 But oh the rigor of my Fate!  
 For want of bouncing *Bona Roba*!  
*Lasciva est nobis pagina vita proba.*  
 For that Rhyme I was fain to fumble, }  
 When *Pegasus* begins to stumble, }  
 'Tis time to rest, your very humble. }

---

*Mr. E---s Answer.*

SO soft and Am'ronfly you write,  
 Of things that in me breed delight;  
 That were I still in *Lanthorn* sweating,  
 Swallowing of *Bolus*, or a spitting,  
 I shou'd forget each injury,  
 The City Misses, offer'd me,  
 And only of my Fate complain,  
 Because I must from them abstain,  
 The pow'rful God of Love, whose name

Kindles in me an Amorous flame !  
 Begins to make my Vigor rise,  
 And long again to fight Loves Prize !  
 Forgetful of those many Scars,  
 I have received in *Venus* Wars.  
 This shews Loves chiefeſt Magick lyes,  
 In Womens concaves, not their Eyes,  
 There *Cupid* does his Revells keep,  
 There Lovers all their sorrows ſteep,  
 For having once but taſted that,  
 Our miſeries are quite forgot.  
 This may ſuffice to let you know,  
 That I to ſporting am no Foe,  
 Though you are pleaſ'd to think me ſo : }  
 'Tis ſtrange his Zeal ſhou'd be in ſuſpicion.  
 Who dyes a Martyr for's Religion.

But now to give you an account  
 Of *Cuffey*, that Laſt *Paramount* !  
*Cuffey* ! whoſe Beauty warms the Age,  
 And fills our Youth, with Love and Rage,  
 Who like fierce Wolves purſue the Game,  
 While ſecretly the Lech'rous Dame,  
 With ſome choice Gallant takes her flight,  
 And in a Corner Hugs all Night.  
 Then the next Morning we all hunt,  
 To find who is grown lank upon't,  
 With jealouſie, and envy mov'd,  
 Againſt the Man that was belov'd.  
 Whiſt you within ſome Neighb'ring Grove,  
 Indite the Story of your Love,  
 And with your Pen-knife, keen, and bright,  
 On ſtately Trees your paſſion write,

So that each Nymph that passes through,  
 Must envy her, and pity you ;  
 We at the Fleece or at the Bear,  
 With good Case-knife, well whet on Stair :  
 A gentle Weapon, made to feed  
 Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed ;  
 A thousand Am'rous fancies scrape,  
 There's not a Pewter-dish, can scape,  
 Without her Name or Armes, which are,  
 The same that Love himself does bear.

Here one to shew you Love's no Glutton,  
 P'th' midst of Supper, leaves his Mutton,  
 And on a greasie Plate with care,  
 Carves the bright Image of the Fair.

Another, though a drunken Sot,  
 Neglects his Wine, and on the Pot,  
 A band of naked *Cupids* draws,  
 With Tools no bigger than Wheat Straws.  
 Then on a nasty Candlestick,  
 One figures Loves Hieroglyphick,  
 And that the sight may more inflame, }  
 The lookers on subscribe her name, }  
*Cuffey!* her Sexes Pride and shame. }  
 There's not a Man but does discover. }  
 By some such Action he's her Lover, }  
 But now 'tis time to give her over, }  
 And let your Lordship, know, you are  
 The Mistress that employs our care ;  
 Your absence makes us Melancholly,  
 Nor Drink, nor Love, can make us jolly ;  
 Unless wa've you within our Arms,  
 In whom there dwells diviner Charms !

Then

Then quit with speed the pensive Grove,  
 And here in Town pursue your love ;  
 Where at your coming, you shall find  
 Your Servants gland, your Mistriss kind, }  
 And all things devoted to your Mind.

With your very Hum-  
 ble Servant.

On Mr. E----- H----- upon his  
 B----- P-----

Come on ye *Criticks* ! find one fault who dare,  
 For read it backward like a *Witches* Pray'r.  
 'Twill do as well ; throw not away your  
 Jeasts,

On solid Nonsense, that abides all Tests.  
 Wit, like Tierce Clarret, when't begins to pall,  
 Neglected lyes, and's of no use at all ;  
 But in its full perfection of decay,  
 Turns Vinegar, and comes again in play.  
 This Simile, shall stand in thy defence,  
 'Gainst such dull Rogues, as now and then write  
 sense.

He lyes dear *Ned*, who says thy Brain is barren,  
 Where deep conceits, like *Vermin* breed in *Carrin*;  
 Thou hast a Brain, such as thou hast indeed,  
 On what else, shou'd thy Worm of Fancy feed ?

Yet

Yet in a Philbert I have often known,  
 Maggots survive, when all the Kernell's gone.  
 Thy Stile's the same, what ever be the Theame,  
 As some digestions turn all Meat to Phlegm.  
 Thy stumbling Founder'd Jade, can Trot as high,  
 As any other *Pegasus* can fly.  
 As skillful Dyvers to the bottom fall,  
 Sooner then those that cannot swim at all ;  
 So in this way of writing, without thinking,  
 Thou hast a strange *Alacrity*, in sinking.  
 Thou writ'st below even thy own nat'ral parts, }  
 And with acquir'd dullness and new Arts, }  
 Of study'd Nonsense, tak'st kind Readers hearts, }  
 So the dull Eele moves nimbler in the Mud,  
 Than all the swift Finn'd Racers of the Flood.  
 Therefore dear *Ned*, at my advice forbear, }  
 Such loud complaints 'gainst *Criticks* to prefer, }  
 Since thou art turn'd an Arrant Libeller : }  
 Thou set'st thy Name to what thy self does write,  
 Did ever Libell yet so sharply bite

---

*On the same Author upon*  
*his B—— P——*

**A**S when a *Bully* draws his Sword,  
 Though no Man gives him a cross word ;  
 And all perswasions are in vain,  
 To make him put it up again ;

Each

Each Man draws too, and falls upon him,  
 To take the wicked Weapon from him :  
 Ev'n so dear *Ned*, thy desp'rate Pen,  
 No less disturbs all witty Men :  
 And makes 'em wonder what a Devil,  
 Provokes thee to be so uncivil ;  
 When thou and all thy Friends must know 'em,  
 Thou yet wilt dare to Print thy Poem.  
 That poor Currs fate, and thine are one,  
 Who has his Tail pegg'd in a Bone ;  
 About he runs, no body'll own him.  
 Men, Boys, and Dogs are all upon him.  
 And first the greater Wits were at thee,  
 Now ev'ry little Fool will pat thee,  
 Fellows, that ne're were hear'd or read of,  
 (If thou writs on) will write thy head off.  
 Thus Mastives only have the knack,  
 To cast the Bear upon her Back ;  
 But when th' unwilling Beast is thrown,  
 Mungrills will serve to keep him down.

---

*On the same Author upon his  
 New Ut—*

**T**Hou dam'd *Antipodes* to common sense,  
 Thou foyle to Fluence ! prethee tell from  
 whence,

Does

Does all this mighty Rock of dullness spring,  
Which in such Loads thou to the Stage dost bring?  
Is't all thy own? or hast thou from *Snow-hill*,  
Th' assurance of some *Ballad* making *Quill*?

No, they fly higher yet ; thy plays are such,  
I'd swear they were translated out of *Dutch* :

And who the Devil was e're yet fo drunk?

To read the *Volumes of Myn-Heer-Van-Dunk*?

Fain wou'd I know what Dyet thou dost keep,

If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?

Sure Hasty Pudding is thy chiefest Dish,

With Lights, and Livers, and with stinking Fish.

Ox-cheek, Tripe, Garbage, thou dost treat thy Brain

Which nobly pays this tribute back again.

With Dazy Roots, thy dwarfish Muse is fed,

A *Gyants* Body, with a *Pigmyes* Head.

Canst thou not find 'mongst thy num'rous Race,

One Friend so kind, to tell thee that thy Play's ;

Laguht at by Box, Pit, Gallery, nay Stage,

And grown the naus'ous grievance of this Age!

Thinkt on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find,

Thy Body made for labour, not thy Mind.

Nor other use of Paper, thou shou'dst make,

But carry Loads of Rhemes upon thy Back ;

Carry vast Burthens till thy Shoulders shrink,

But curst be he, that gives thee Pen and Ink,

Those dang'rous Weapons shou'd be kept from

**Fools,**

**As Nurses from their Children keep Edge-tools.**

For thy dull Muse, a Muckender were fit,

To wipe the flav' rings of her Infant Wit:

Which though 'tis late (if Justice cou'd be found,

**F**

## Shou'd

Shou'd like blind, new born Puppys, yet be drown'd)  
 For were it not we must respect afford,  
 To any Muse, that's Grand-child to a Lord;  
 Thine in the Ducking-stool shou'd take her Seat,  
 Drencht like her self in a great Chair of State,  
 Where like a Muse of Quality she'll dye,  
 And thou thy self, shalt make her *Elegy*. }  
 In the same Strain thou writ'st thy Comedy. }

---

### *The Disappointment.*

I.

ONE Day the Am'rous *Lisander*,  
 By an impatient passion sway'd,  
 Surpriz'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd Maid,  
 Who cou'd defend her self no longer;  
 All things did with his love conspire,  
 The guilded *Planet* of the Day,  
 In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,  
 Was now defending to the Sea,  
 And left no light to guide the World,  
 But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

2.

In a lone *Thicket* made for love,  
 Silent as yielding Maids consent,  
 She with a charming languishment,  
 Permits his force, yet gently strove;  
 Her Hands, his Bosom softly meet,

But



But not to put him back design'd,  
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,  
 Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet;  
 Resistance, 'tis too late to shew,  
 She wants the pow'r to say--Ah ! what d' you do?

## 3.

Her bright Eyes sweet and yet severe,  
 Where Love and shame confus'dly strive,  
 Fresh vigor to *Lisander* give ;  
 And whisp'ring softly in his Ear,  
 She cry'd---cease---cease---your vain desire,  
 Or I'll call out what wou'd you do ?  
*My dearer Honour ev'n to you,*  
*I cannot--must not give--retire,*  
*Or take that life, whose chiefest part,*  
*I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.*

## 4.

But he, as much unus'd to fear,  
 As he was capable of Love,  
 The blessed Minutes to improve,  
 Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair !  
 Each touch ! her new desires Allarmes !  
 His burning trembling hand he prest,  
 Upon her melting Snowy Breast,  
 While she lay panting in his Armes !  
 All her ungarded Beauties lye,  
 The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

5

And now without respect or fear,  
 He seeks the Object of his Vows.  
 His love no modesty allows.  
 By swift degrees, advancing where.  
 His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd,  
 Where Gods of Love do Sacrifice !  
 That awful Throne ! that Paradise !  
 Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd ?  
 That living Fountain, from whose Trills,  
 The melted Soul, in liquid drops distils !

6

Her balmey Lips, encountering his,  
 Their Bodies, as their Souls they joyn'd,  
 Where both in transports unconfin'd,  
 Extend themselves upon the Moss !  
*Cloris* half dead, and breathless lay,  
 Her Eyes appear'd like Humid light,  
 Such as divides the Day and Night,  
 Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay ;  
 And now no signs of life she shows,  
 But what in short-breath'd sighs, returns and goes.

7

He saw how at her length she lay,  
 He saw her rising Bosome bare ;  
 Her loose thin Robes, through which appear,  
 A shape design'd for love and play,  
 Abandon'd by her Pride and shame :  
 She does her softest sweets dispence,

Offering

Offering her Virgin innocence,  
 A *Victim* to Loves sacred flame.  
 Whilst th' o're ravisht Shepherd lyes,  
 Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

## 8

Ready to tast a thousand joys,  
 The too transported hapless Swayne,  
 Found the vast pleasure turn'd to pain:  
 Pleasure ! which too much love destroys !  
 The willing Garment by he laid,  
 And Heav'n all open to his view.  
 Mad to possess, himself he threw  
 On the defenceless lovely Maid !  
 But oh ! what envious Gods conspire !  
 To snatch his pow'r, yet leave him the desire !

## 9

Natures support, without whose Aid,  
 She can no humane being give ;  
 It self now wants the Art to live ;  
 Faintness, its slacken'd *Nerves* invade,  
 In vain th' enraged Youth assay'd,  
 To call his fleeting Vigor back ;  
 No motion, 'twill from motion take,  
 Excess of love, his love betray'd,  
 In vain he toils, in vain commands.  
 Th' Insensible, fell weeping in his Hands.

## 10.

In this fo Am'rous cruel strife,  
 Where Love and Fate were too severe,  
 The poor *Lisander* in despair,  
 Renounc'd his reason with his life.  
 Now all the brisk, and Active fire,  
 That shou'd the nobler part inflame,  
 And left no spark for new desire ;  
 Not all her naked Charmes cou'd move,  
 Or calme that Rage, that had debauch'd his love.

## 11.

*Cloris*, returning from the Trance,  
 Which love and soft desire had bred,  
 Her tim'rous hand she gently laid,  
 Or guided by design or chance,  
 Upon that *Fabulous P. iapus*,  
 That *Potent God* (as Poets feign)  
 But never did young Shepherdess,  
 (Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain)  
 More nimbly draw her Fingers back,  
 Finding beneath the Verdent Leaves a *Snake* ;

## 12.

Then *Cloris* her fair hand withdrew,  
 Finding that God, of her desires,  
 Disarm'd of all his pow'rful Fires ;  
 And cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning Dew ;  
 Who can thy *Nymphs* confusion guess ?  
 The blood forsook the kinder place,  
 And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,  
 Which doth disdain and shame express ;

And

And from *Lisanders* Arms she fled,  
Leaving him fainting on the gloomy Bed.

## 13.

Like Lightning through the Grove, she hies,  
Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God ;  
No print upon the Grassy Road,  
She leaves t' instruct pursuing Eyes ;  
The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,  
And with her ruffled Garments plaid,  
Discover'd in the flying Maid ;  
All that the Gods e're made of Fair.  
So *Venus* when her Love was slain,  
With fear and haste flew o're the Fatal Plain.

## 14.

The Nymphs resentments, none but I,  
Can well imagine and Condole ;  
But none can guess *Lisanders* Soul,  
But those who sway'd his Destiny :  
His silent griefs swell up to Storms,  
And not one God his fury spares,  
He curst his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,  
But more the Shepherdesses Charms ;  
Whose soft bewitching influence,  
Had damn'd him to the Depth of Impotence.

*On a Giniper Tree now cut down  
to make Busks.*

**V**Wilst happy I triumphant stood,  
 The pride and glory of the Wood,  
 My *Aromatick* Boughs, and Fruit,  
 Did with all other Trees dispute ;  
 Had right by Nature to excell,  
 In pleasing both the Taste, and smell.  
 But to the touch I must confess,  
 Bore an unwilling sullenness :  
 My Wealth, like bashful Virgins, I  
 Yielding with some reluctancy ;  
 For which my value shou'd be more,  
 Not giving easily my store.  
 My Verdant Branches, all the year, }  
 Did an Eternal Beauty were, }  
 Did ever young and gay appear, }  
 Nor needed any Tribute pay,  
 For Bounties from the God of Day.  
 Nor do I hold Supremacy,  
 In all the Wood, or'e ev'ry Tree,  
 But ev'n to those of my own Race,  
 That grew not in this happy place ;  
 But that in which I glory most,  
 And do my self with reason boast,  
 Beneath my shade the other Day,  
 Young *Philocles*, and *Cloris* lay,  
 Upon my Root he plac'd her Head,  
 And where I grew he made her Bed ;

There

There trembling Limbs, did gently press,  
 The kind supporting yielding Moss;  
 Ne're half so blest, as now to bear,  
 A Swayn so young, a Nymph so fair.  
 My grateful Shade, I kindly lent  
 And ev'ry aiding Bough I bent,  
 So low as sometimes had the Bliss,  
 To rob the Shepherd of a Kiss.  
 Whilst he in pleasures far above!  
 The sense of that degree of Love!  
 Permitted ev'ry steth I made,  
 Unjealous of his Rival shade.  
 I saw 'em kindle to desire!  
 Whilst with soft sighs they blew the Fire!  
 Saw the approaches of their joy,  
 He growing more fierce, and she less coy!  
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays;  
 Exchanging Love a thousand ways:  
 Kind was the force on ev'ry side.  
 Her new desires she cou'd not hide,  
 Nor wou'd the Shepherd be deny'd;  
 Impatient he waits no consent;  
 But what she gave by languishment.  
 The blessed Minute he persu'd,  
 Whilst Love, her fear and shame subdu'd  
 And now transported in his Armes,  
 Yields to the Conqueror all her Charmes.  
 His panting Breast to hers now joyn'd,  
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd;  
 Vast and luxuriant, such as prove,  
 The immortality of Love.  
 For who but a Divinity,

Cou'd

Cou'd mingle Souls to that degree,  
 And melt 'em into Extasie ;  
 Where like the *Phoenix* both expire, }  
 Whilst from the Ashes of their Fire, }  
 Sprung up a New, and soft desire, }  
 Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke  
 The God, and thrice new vigor took  
 And had the Nymph been half so kind,  
 As was the Shepherd well inclin'd ;  
 The Myst'ry had not ended there,  
 But *Cloris* reassum'd her fear,  
 And chid the *Swayn*, for having prest,  
 What she (alas) cou'd not resist :  
 Whilst he, in whom Loves sacred flame,  
 Before and after was the same,  
 Humbly implores she wou'd forget  
 That fault, which he wou'd yet repeat,  
 From active joyes with shame they hast,  
 To a reflection on the past ;  
 A thousand times the Covert bless,  
 That did secure their happynefs ;  
 Their gratitude to ev'ry Tree  
 They pay, and most to happy me !  
 The Shepherdess, my Bark carrest,  
 Whilst he my Root (Loves Pillow) kist,  
 And did with sighs their Fate deplore,  
 Since I must shelter 'em no more.  
 And if before, my joyes were such,  
 In having seen, and heard so much ;  
 My griefs must be as great and high, }  
 When all abandon'd I must lye, }  
 Doom'd to a silent Destiny : }



No more the Am'rous strife to hear,  
 The Shepherdes Vows the Virgins fear ;  
 No more a joyful looker on,  
 Whilst Loves soft Battl's lost and won.

With grief I bow'd my mum'ring Head,  
 And all my Christal Dew I shed,  
 Which did in *Cloris* pity move ;  
*Cloris* whose Soul is made of love,  
 She cut me down, and did translate  
 My being to a happier state :  
 No *Martyr* for Religion dy'd,  
 With half that unconfid'ring pride ;  
 My top was on the Alter laid,  
 Where Love, his softest Off'rings paid,  
 And was as fragrant Incence burn'd ;  
 My Body into Busks was turn'd.  
 Where I still guard the sacred store,  
 And of Loves Temple keep the Door.

---

*On the Death of Mr. Grenhill  
 the Famous Painter.*

What doleful cries are these that fright my  
 sense,  
 Sad as the groines of dying innocence !  
 The killing *Accents* now more near approach,  
 And the infectious sound,  
 Spreads and enlarges all around,  
 And does all Hearts with grief and wonder touch !  
 The

The famous *Grnehill*'s dead ! ev'n he,  
 That cou'd to us give immortality,  
 Is to th' Eternal silent Groves withdrawn,  
 Those fullen Groves of Everlasting Dawn ;  
 Youthful as Flow'rs scarce blown, whose opening  
 Leaves,

A wond'rous and a fragrant Prospect gives,  
 Of what its Elder Beauties wou'd display,  
 When it shou'd flourish up to ripening *May* !  
 Witty ! as Poets, warm'd with Love and Wine,  
 Yet still spar'd Heav'n and his Friend ;  
 For both to him were sacred and divine,  
 Nor could he this, no more than that offend.  
 Fixt as a *Martyr*, where he Friendship paid,  
 And gen'rous as a God !  
 Distributing his Bounties all abroad,  
 And soft, and gentle as a Love-sick Maid.

Great Master of the Noble Mystery,  
 That ever happy knowledge did inspire ;  
 Sacred as that of Poetry !  
 And which the wond'ring World does equally ad-  
 mire !

Great Natures works we do contemn,  
 When on his glorious Births we meditate,  
 The Face and Eyes, more Darts receiv'd from him,  
 Then all the Charms she can create :  
 The difference is, his Beauties do beget,  
 In the Enamour'd Soul, a vertuous heat,  
 Whilst Natures grocer pieces move,  
 In the course Road of common love.

So bold, yet soft his touches were,  
 So round each part, so sweet and fair,  
 That as his Pencil mov'd Men thought it prest,  
 The lively imitated Breast,  
 Which yields like Clouds, where little Angels rest !  
 The Limbs all easie, as his temper was,  
 Strong as his mind and Manly too ;  
 Large as his Soul, his fancy was, and new ;  
 And from himself he copy'd ev'ry grace,  
 For he had all that cou'd adorn a Face,  
 All that cou'd either Sex subdue,

Each Excellence he had, that Youth has in its Pride,  
 And all experienc'd, Age can teach ;  
 At once the vig'rous Fire of this,  
 And ev'ry Virtue which that can express,  
 In all the height that both cou'd reach !  
 And yet (alas) in this perfection dy'd !  
 Dropt like a Blossom with a *Northern* blast,  
 When all the scatter'd Leaves abroad are cast,  
 As quick as if his Fate had been in hast !

So have I seen an unfixt Star,  
 Out-shine the rest of all the numerous Train.  
 (As bright as that which guides the *Marriner*)

Dart swiftly from its darkn'd Sphear,  
 And ne're shall light the World again !  
 Oh why shou'd so much knowledge dye !

Or with his last kind Breath,  
 Why cou'd he not to some one Friend, bequeath  
 The mighty Legacy,  
 But 'twas a knowledge given to him alone,  
 That his Eterniz'd name might be,

Admir'd to all Posterity,  
 By all to whom his grateful name was known !  
 Come all ye softer Beauties, come !  
 Bring Wreths of Flaw'rs to deck his Tomb,  
 Mixt with the dismal Cyprish and the Yew,  
 For he still gave your Chames their due ;  
 And from the injuries of Age and Time,  
 Scur'd the sweetness of your prime,  
 And best knew how to adore that sweetness too !  
 Bring all your mournful Tributes here,  
 And let your Eyes a silent sorrow wear,  
 Till ev'ry Virgin for a while become,  
 Sad as his Fate, and like his Pictures dumb.

---

*To all curious Criticks and Ad-  
 mirers of Meeter.*

**H**Ave you seen the raging Stormy Main  
 Toss a *Ship* up, then cast her down again ?  
 Sometimes she seems to touch the very *Skies*,  
 And then again upon the *Sand* she lyes.  
 Or have you seen a *Bull*, when he is jealous,  
 How he does tear the ground, and Rores and Bel-  
 lows ?  
 Or have you seen the pretty *Turtle Dove*,  
 When she laments the absence of her love !  
 Or have you seen the *Fayes* when they sing,  
 And dance with mirth together in a *Ring* ?

Or

Or have you seen our Gallants keep a pudder,  
 With Fair and Grace, and Grace and Fair *Anstruder?*  
 Or have you seen the Daughter of *Apollo*,  
 Pour down their Rhyming Liquors in a holow Cane?  
 In spungy Brain, congealing into Verse;  
 If you have seen all this, then kiss mine *A--fs*.

---

*Satyr.*

A **W**Hat *Timon* does old Age begin to approach,

That thus thou droop'st under a nights debauch?  
 Hast thou lent deep to needy Rogues on Tick,  
 Who ne're cou'd pay, and must be paid next Week?

*Tim.* Neither alas, but a dull dining Sot,  
 Seiz'd me ith' *Mall*, who just my name had got;  
 He runs upon me, cries dear Rogue I'm thine,  
 With me some Wits of thy acquaintance dine.

I tell him I'm engag'd but as a Whore,  
 With modesty enslaves her Spark the more.

The longer I deny'd, the more he prest,  
 At last I e'ne consent to be his Guest.

He takes me in his Coach, and as we go;  
 Pulls out a Libel of a Sheet or two;

Insipid, as th' praise of the Fairy Queens,  
 Or S-----, unassisted former Scenes;

Which he admir'd, and prais'd at ev'ry Line,  
 At last it was so sharp it must be mine.

I vow'd I was no more a Wit then he,  
 Unpractic'd, and unblest in Poetry :  
 A Song to *Philis* I perhaps might make,  
 But never Rhym'd, but for my Misttriss sake :  
 I envy'd no Mans fortune nor his fame,  
 Nor ever thought of a revenge so tame.  
 He knew my Stile, he swore, and 'twas in vain,  
 Thus to deny the Issue of my Brain.  
 Choak'd with his flatt'ry, I no answer make,  
 But silent leave him to his dear mistake.  
 Of a well meaning Fool, I'm most afraid,  
 Who sillily repeats, what was well said.  
 But this was not the worst when he came home,  
 He askt are S-----, Bu-----, Sa---, come ?  
 No, but there were above *Halfwit* and *Huffe*,  
*Ki---*, and *Di-----*. Oh 'tis well enough,  
 They're all brave Fellows cries mine Host, let's  
 Dine,

I long to have my Belly full of Wine,  
 They'll write and fight I dare assure you,  
 They're Men, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*.  
 I saw my error, but 'twas now too late,  
 No means nor hopes appears of a retreat.  
 Well we salute, and each Man takes his Seat.  
 Boy (says my Sot) is my Wife ready yet.  
 A Wife good Gods ! a Fop and Bullystoo ;  
 For one poor Meal, what must I undergo ?  
 In comes my Lady strait, she had been Fair.  
 Fit to give Love, and to prevent despair,  
 But Age, Beauties incurable Disease,  
 Had left her more desire, then pow'r to please.  
 As Cocks will strike, although their Spurs be gone  
 She

She with her old bleer Eyes to smight begun :  
 Though nothing else, she (in despite of time)  
 Preserv'd the affectation of her prime ;  
 How ever we begun, she brought in love,  
 And hardly from that Subject wou'd remove.  
 We chanc'd to speak of the *French Kings* success ;  
 My Lady wondr'd much how Heav'n cou'd bless,  
 A Man, that lov'd two Women at one time ;  
 But more how he to them excus'd his Crime.  
 She askt *Huffe*, if Loves flame he never felt ?  
 He answer'd bluntly--do you think I'm gelt ?  
 She at his plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,  
 Love in young Minds, proceeds ev'n Poetry.  
 You to that passion can no Stranger be,  
 But Wits are giv'n to inconstancy.  
 She had run on I think till now, but Meat  
 Came up, and suddenly she took her seat.  
 I thought the Dinner wou'd make some amends,  
 When my good Host crys out, y<sup>e</sup> are all my Friends ;  
 Our own plain Fare, and the best Terse the Bull  
 Affords, I'll give you, and your Bellies full :  
 As for *French Kickshaws*, Cellery, and Champoon,  
 Ragous and Fricasles, in troath we've none.  
 Here's a good Dinner towards thought I, when  
 strait

Up comes a piece of Beef, full Horsman's weight ;  
 Hard as the Arse of M---, under which,  
 The Coachman sweats, as Ridden by a Witch.  
 A Dish of Carrets, each of 'em as long,  
 As Tool, that to fair Countess did belong ;  
 Which her small Pillow, cou'd not so well hide,  
 But *Visitors* his flaming Head espy'd,

Pig, Goose, and Capon, follow'd in the Rear,  
 With all that Countrey Bumpkins, call good Cheer:  
 Serv'd up with Sauces all of Eighty, Eight,  
 When our tough Youth, wrestled and threw the  
 Weight,

And now the Bottle briskly flies about,  
 Instead of Ice, wrapt in a cold wet Clowt,  
 A brimmer follows the third bit we eat,  
 Small Bear becomes our drink, and Wine our meat.  
 The Table was so large, that in less space,  
 A Man might save, six old *Italians* place:  
 Each Man had as much room as *Porter B----*,  
 Or *Harris* had in *Chellens Bushel C--*,

And now the Wine began to work, mine Host  
 Had been a *Colonel*, we must hear him boast  
 Not of Towns won, but an Estate he lost  
 For the Kings Service, which indeed he spent  
 Whoreing, and Drinking, but with good intent  
 He talkt much of a Plot, and Money lent  
 In *Cromels* time. My Lady she

Complain'd our love was coarse, our Poetry  
 Unfit for modest Ears, small Whores and Play'rs.  
 Were of our Hair-braind Youth, the only cares;  
 Who were too wild for any virtuous *League*,  
 Too rotten to consummate the intrigue.

*Falkland* she prais'd, and *Sucklings* easie Pen,  
 And seem'd to tast their former parts again.  
 Mine Host, drinks to the best in Christendom,  
 And decently my Lady quits the Room.

Left to our selves, of several things we prate,  
 Some regulate the *Stage* and some the *State*,

Half-



*Halfwit*, cries up my Lord of O-----,  
 Ah how well *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* dye!  
 His sense so little forc'd, that by one Line,  
 You may the other easily divine.

*And which is worse, if any worse can be,*

*He never said one word of it to me.*

There's fine Poetry ! you'd swear 'twere Prose,  
 So little on the sense, the Rhymes impose.  
 Ram me (says *Di-----*) in my mind *Cot's* nouns,  
*E-----*, writes *Airy Songs*, and soft *Lampoons*,  
 The best of any Man ; as for your *Nouns*,  
*Grammar*, and *Rules of Art*, he knows them not,  
 Yet writ two talking Plays without one Plot.

*H----*, was for *S-----*, and *Morocco* prais'd,  
 Said rumbling words, like Drums his courage  
 rais'd.

*Whose broad-built-bulks, the boyf'rous Billows bear,*  
*Zaphee* and *Sally*, *Mugadore*, *Oran*,  
*The fam'd Arzile*, *Alcazer*, *Tituan*.

Was ever braver Language writ by Man ?

*Ki---* for *G---* declar'd, said in Romance.

He had out done the very Wits of *France*.

Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles* the Eight ;  
 Where a young Monarck, careless of his Fate,  
 Though Forreign Troops, and Rebels shock his  
 State,

Complains another sight afflicts him more.

(*Videl*) The Queens Gallies rowing from the shore,  
*Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gon,*

*Whilst sporting Waves smil'd on the rising Sun.*

Waves smiling on the Sun ! I am sure that's new,  
 And 'twas well thought on, give the Devil his due.

Mine Host, who had said nothing in an hour.  
Rose up and praised the *Indian* Emperor.

*As if our World modestly withdrew,*

*And here in private had brought forth a new.*

There are two Lines! who but he durst presume  
To make the old World, a new withdrawing  
Room,

Where of another World she's brought to Bed!  
What a brave Midwife is a *Laureats* Head!

But shame of all these Scriblers, what do'e think.  
Will So----- this year any Champoon Drink?

Will Tu----- fight him? without doubt says *Huffe*,  
If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.

Sink me (says Di-----) they *French* Cowards are,  
They pay; but th' *English*, *Scots* and *Swiss* make War;

In gawdy Troops, at a review they shine,  
But dare not with the *Germans* Battel joyn;

What now appears like courage is not so,  
'Tis a short pride, which from success does grow;

On their first blow, they'll shrink into those fears,  
They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Ajincourt*, *Poytiers*;

Their loss was infamous, Honor so stain'd,

Is by a Nation not to be regain'd. (brave,

What they were then I know not, now th' are  
He that denyes it, lyes and is a Slave,

(Says *Huffe* and frown'd) says Di----- that do I,

And at that word. at t'others Head let fly

A greasie Plate, when suddenly they all,

Together by the Ears in Parties fall.

*Halfwit* with Di----- joynes, *Ki-----* with *Huffe*,

Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'em cuff,

Till they mine Host, and I, had all enough.

Their

Their rage once over, they begin to treat,  
 And six fresh Bottles must the peace compleat.  
 I ran down stairs, with a Vow never more  
 To drink Beer Glass, and hear the *Hectors* roar.

---

*A Session of the Poets.*

SINCE the Sons of the Muses grew num'rous and  
 loud,  
 For th' appeasing so factious, and clam'rous a  
 Crowd;

*Apollo* thought fit in so weighty a cause,  
 T' establish a Government, Leader and Laws.  
 The hopes of the Bays at this summoning call,  
 Had drawn 'em together the Devil and all;  
 All thronging and listning, they gap'd for the  
 Blessing,  
 No *Presbyter* Sermon, had more crowding and  
 pressing.

In the Head of the Gang *J----* *D----* appear'd,  
 That Antient grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd,  
 But *Apollo*, had heard a Story 'ith' Town,  
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black Gown,  
 And so gave him leave now his Poetry's done,  
 To let him turn Priest, now *R---*, is turn'd Nun.

This Reverend Author was no sooner set by,  
 But *Apollo* had got gentle *George* in his Eye,  
 And frankly confest of all Men that writ, (Wit.  
 Ther's none had more fancy, sense Judgment, and

But th' crying Sin, idleness; he was so harden'd,  
That his long seven years silence, was not to be  
pardon'd.

Brawny *W----*, was the next Man! hew'd his Face,  
But *Apollo* e'ne thought him too good for the Place;  
No Gentleman Writer that office shou'd bear,  
'Twas a Trader in Wit, that the *Lawrel* shou'd  
wear.

As none but a *Citt* e're makes a Lord Major.

Next into the Crowd, *To-- S---*, does wallow,  
And swears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,  
'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age,  
Himself, and his Wife have supported the *Stage*.  
*Apollo*, well pleas'd with so bonny a Lad,  
T'oblige him, he told him he shou'd be huge glad,  
Had he half so much Wit as he fancy'd he had.  
How ever to please so Jovial a Wit,  
And to keep him in humour, *Apollo* thought fit,  
To bid him drink on, and keep his Old Trick,  
Of raining at Poets, and showing his *P----*.

*H---L---*, stept in next, in hopes of a Prize,  
*Apollo* remember'd he had hit once in Thrice;  
By the Rubys in's Face, he cou'd not deny,  
But he had as much Wit, as Wine cou'd supply;  
Confest that indeed he had a Musical Note,  
But sometimes strain'd so hard, that he rattled ith'  
Throat;

Yet owning he had sense, t' encourage him for't,  
He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's* Court.

Poet *S--*, his Tryal was the next came about,  
He brought him an *Ibrahim*, with the Preface torn  
out;

And

And humbly desir'd he might give no offence ;  
 O Ram me cries *S-----*, he cannot write sense,  
 And Rat him cry'd *Ne-----*, I hate that dull Rogue ;

*Apollo*, considering he was not in vogue,  
 Wou'd not trust his dear *Bays*, with so modest a  
 Fool,

And bid the great Boy, shou'd be sent back to School,  
*T--O-----*, came next *T--S-----*, dear *Zany* ;

And swears for *Heroticks*, he writes best of any ;  
*Don C-----*, his Pockets so amply had fill'd,  
 That his Mange were quite cur'd, and his Lice were  
 all kill'd.

But *Apollo* had seen his Dull Face on the Stage,  
 And prudently did not think fit to engage,  
 The scum of a *Play-house*, for the Prop of an Age. }

In the num'rous Herd, that encompass'd him round,  
 Little starcht *Jonny C---* at his Elbow he found,  
 His *Crevat-string*, new Iron'd, he gently did stretch,  
 His Lilly white hand out, the *Laurel* to reach,  
 Alledging that he had most right to the *Bays*,  
 For writing Romances, and shiting of Plays.

*Apollo* rose up, and gravely confest,  
 Of all Men that writ, his Talent was best :  
 For since pain and dishonour, Mans life only damn,  
 The greatest felicity, Mankind can claim,  
 Is to want sense of smart, & be past sense of shame :  
 And to perfect his Bliss, in Poitical Rapture,  
 He bid him be dull to the end of the Chapter.

The Poetress *Afra*, next shew'd her sweet Face,  
 And swore by her Poetry, and her black Ace,

The *Lawrel*, by a double right was her own,  
For the *Plays* she had writ, and the *Conquests* she  
had won :

*Apollo*, acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,  
Yet to deal franckly and ingeniously by her,  
He told her, were *Conquests* and *Charms* her pre-  
tence,

She ought to have pleaded a Dozen years since.

*Anababaluthu* put in for a share,

And little *T--E*-----Author was there. (kle,

Nor cou'd *D----*, forbear for the *Lawrel* to stu-

Protesting he had had the Honor to tickle,

The Ears of the Town, with his dear *Madam*

*Fickle*.

With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse  
But that they're too long now to stand in my Verse,

*Apollo*, quite tir'd with their tedious *Harrangue*,

Finds at last *T--B-----*, face in the gang,

And since Poets, with the kind Play'rs may hang,

By his own light, he solmly swore,

That in search of a *Laureat*, he'd look out no more,

A general murmur run quite through the Hall,

To think that the *Bays*, to an *Actor* shou'd fall,

But *Apollo*, to quiet and pacifie all ;

Ene told 'em to put his desert to the Test,

That he had made Plays as well as the best ;

And was the greatest wonder the Age ever bore ,

For of all the *Play-Scriblers*, that e're writ before,

His wit had most worth, and most modesty in't,

For he had writ Plays, that yet ne're came in Print.

Upon

*Upon the Author of a Play  
call'd Sodom.*

**T**ell me abandon'd *Miscreant*, prithee tell,  
What damned Pow'r invok'd and sent from  
Hell;

(If Hell were bad enough) did thee inspire,  
To write what Fiends asham'd would blushing  
hear?

Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*?

And us'd the lewd Familiar for a Muse?

Or didst thy Soul, by Inch'oth' Candle sell,  
To gain the glorious Name of Pimp to Hell?

If so; go, and its vow'd Allegiance swear,  
Without Press-Money, be its Voluntier:

May he who envies thee, deserve thy fate,  
Deserve both Heav'ns, and Mankinds scorn and  
hate.

Disgrace to Libels! Foyl to very shame,  
Whom 'tis a scandal to vouchsafe to damn.

What foul descriptions foul enough for thee,  
Sunk quite below the reach of infamy?

Thou covet'st to be lewd, but want'st the might,  
And art all over Devil but in Wit.

Weak feeble Strainer, at meer ribaldry, }  
Whose Muse is impotent to that degree, }  
'That need like Age, be whipt to Lechery. }

Vile Sot! who clapt with Poetry art sick,  
And void'st Corruption, like one Gallick Sick.

Like Ulcers, thy impostum'd Addle Brains,  
Drop out in Matter, which thy Paper stains,

Whence

Whence nauseous Rhymes, by filthy Births proceed,  
 As Maggots, in some Turd, ingendring breed.  
 Thy Muse has got the Flow'rs, and they ascend,  
 As in some Green-sick Girl at upper end.

Sure Nature made, or meant at least t'have don't,  
 Thy Tongue a Clytoris, thy Mouth a *Ce*.

How well a *Dildo*, wou'd that place become,  
 To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb?

At least it shou'd be syring'd-----

Or wear some stinking Merkin for a Beard,  
 That all from its base converse might be scar'd.

As they a Door shut up, and mark'd beware,  
 That tells infection, and the Plague is there.

Thou *Moorfields* Author, fit for Bawds to quote,  
 (If Bawds themselves, with Honor safe may do't)

When Suburb Prentice comes to hire delight,  
 And wants incentives to dull Appetite,

Their Punk perhaps, may they brave works re-  
 hearse,

Gulling the senseless thing with Prose and Verse.

Which after shall (preferr'd to Dressing Box)

Hold Turpentine, and Medicines for the Pox.

Or (if I may ordain a Fate more fit)

For such foul, nasty Excrements of Wit,

May they condemn'd to th' publick Jakes be lent,

For me I'd fear the Piles in vengeance sent

Shou'd I with them prophane my Fundament)

Therefore bugger wiping Porters when they snite,

And so thy Book it self turn *Sodomite*.



*Ephelia to Bajazet.*

**H**OW far are they deceiv'd who hope in vain,  
 A lasting Lease of joys from Love t' obtain ?  
 All the dear sweets, or promise or expect,  
 After enjoyment, turns we cold neglect.  
 Cou'd love, a constant happiness have known,  
 The mighty wonder had in me been shown,  
 Our passions are so favour'd by Fate,  
 As if she meant 'em an Eternal Date ;  
 So kind he look'd, such tender words he spoke,  
 'Twas past belief such Vows shou'd v're be broke.  
 Fixt on my Eyes, how often wou'd he say,  
 He cou'd with pleasure gaze an Age away !  
 When thoughts too great for words had made him  
 mute,

In kisses, he wou'd till my hand his Suit.  
 So great his passion was, so far above  
 The common Gallantreys, that pass for love, }  
 At worst I thought if he unkind shou'd prove, }  
 his ebbing passion, wou'd be kinder far,  
 Than the first transports of all others are.  
 Nor was my love, or fondness less then his,  
 In him I senter'd all my hopes of Bliss !  
 For him my duty to my Friends forgot,  
 For him I lost, alas ! what lost I not ?  
 Fame, all the valuable things of life,  
 To meet his love, by a less name then Wife.

How

How happy was I then, how dearly blest,  
 When this great Man lay panting on my Breast,  
 Looking such things, as ne're can be exprest !  
 Thousand fresh looks he gave me ev'ry hour,  
 Whilst greedily I did his looks devour !  
 Till quite o'recome with Charms, I trembling lay,  
 At ev'ry look he gave, melted away !  
 I was so highly happy in his love,  
 Methoughts I pittied them that dwelt above !  
 Think then thou greatest, loveliest, falsest Man,  
 How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then  
 My faithless dear, be cruel if you can !  
 How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,  
 No every act has shown, I lov'd too well.  
 Since first I saw you, I ne're had a thought,  
 Was not entirely yours, to you I brought,  
 My Virgin Innocence, and freely made,  
 My love, an Offering to your noble Bed :  
 Since when, y'ave been the Star by which I steer'd,  
 And nothing else but you, I lou'd or fear'd.  
 Your smiles, I only live by, and I must,  
 When e're you frown, be shatter'd into Dust.  
 Oh ! can the coldness that you shew me now,  
 Suit with the gen'rous heart you once did shew ?  
 I cannot live on pitty or respect,  
 A thought so mean, wou'd my whole love infect ;  
 Less than your love, I scorn Sir to expect.  
 Let me not live in dull indifferency,  
 But give me rage enough to make me dye !  
 For if from you, I needs must meet my Fate,  
 Before your pitty, I wou'd choose your hate.

*A very Heroical Epistle in Answer to Ephelia.*

Madam,

IF you'r deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat,  
 For all disguises are below the great.  
 What Man or Woman upon Earth can say,  
 I ever us'd 'em well above a day?  
 How is it then, that I inconstant am?  
 He changes not, who always is the same.  
 In my dear self, I center ev'ry thing,  
 My Servants, Friends, my Mrs. and my King,  
 Nay Heav'n & Earth, to that one poynt I bring.  
 Well manner'd, honest, generous, and stout,  
 Names by dull Fools, to plague Mankind found out;  
 Sho'd I regard, I must my self constrain,  
 And 'tis my *Maxim*, to avoid all pain.  
 You fondly look for what none e're cou'd find,  
 Deceive your self, and then call me unkind,  
 And by false Reasons, wou'd my falshood prove,  
 For 'tis as natural to change, as love:  
 You may as justly at the Sun repine,  
 Because alike it does not always shine,  
 No glorious thing was ever made to stay,  
 My blazing Star but visits and away.  
 As fatal to it shines, as those 'ith' Skyes,  
 'Tis never seen, but some great Lady dyes,  
 The boasted favour, you so precious hold,  
 To me's no more than changing of my Gold;  
 What e're you gave, I paid you back in Bliss,  
 Then where's the Obligation pray of this?

If heretofore you found grace in my Eyes,  
 Be thankful for it, and let that suffice,  
 But Woman, Beggar-like, still haunt the Door,  
 Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.  
 Oh happy *Sultan* ! whom we Barb'rous call,  
 How much refin'd art thou above us all :  
 Who envies not the joys of thy *Serail* ?  
 Thee like some God ! the trembling Crowd adore,  
 Each Man's thy Slave, and Woman kind, thy Whore.  
 Methinks I see thee underneath the shade,  
 Of Golden Canopy, supinely laid,  
 Thy crowding Slaves, all silent as the Night.  
 But at thy nod, all active as the light !  
 Secure in solid Sloth, thou there dost reign,  
 And feel'st the joys of Love, without the pain.  
 Each Female, courts thee with a wishing Eye,  
 While thou with awful pride walk'st careless by ;  
 Till thy kind Pledge, at last, marks out the Dame,  
 Thou fancy'st most, to quench thy present flame.  
 Then from the Bed, submissive she retires.  
 And thankful for the grace, no more requires.  
 No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcome sound,  
 Of Womens Tongues thy Sacred Ear does wound ;  
 If any do, a nimble Mute, strait ties  
 The True-loves-knot, and stops her foolish cries.  
 Thou fear'st no injur'd Kinsmans threatening Blade,  
 Nor Midnight Ambushes, by Rivals laid ;  
 While here with aking Hearts our joys we tast,  
 Disturb'd by Swords, like *Demoles* his Feast.

## On Poet Ninny.

**C**Ruht by that just contempt his Follies bring,  
On his craz'd Head the Vermin fain wou'd  
sting.

But never *Satyr* did so softly bite,  
Or gentle *George* himself more gently write.  
Born to no other, but thy own disgrace,  
Thou art a thing so wretched and so base,  
Thou canst not ev'n offend, but with thy Face. }  
And dost at once a sad example prove,  
Of harmless malice and of hopeless Love.  
All pride ! and ugliness ! oh how we loath,  
A nauseous Creature, so compos'd of both !  
How oft have we thy Cap'ring Person seen,  
With dismal look and Melancholly Meen,  
The just reverse of *Nokes*, when he wou'd be,  
Some mighty *Heroe*, and makes love like thee !  
Thou art below being laught at out of spight, }  
Men gaze upon thee as a hideous sight, }  
And cry, there goes the Melancholly Knight. }  
There are some modest Fools, we dayly see,  
Modest and dull, why they are Wits to thee !  
For of all Folly, sure the very top,  
Is a conceited *Ninny* and a Fop.  
With Face of Farce, joyn'd to a Head Romancy,  
Ther's no such Coxcomb as your Fool of fancy :  
But 'tis too much on so dispis'd a Theam.  
No Man wou'd dabble in a dirty Stream :

The worst that I cou'd write, wou'd be no more,  
Then what thy very Friends have said before.

*Monsieur All-Pride.*

Bursting with Pride, the loath'd Impostume  
swells,

Pr-k him, he sheads his Venom strait, and smells;

But 'tis so lewd a Scribler, that he writes,

With as much force to Nature as he fights,

Hardned in shame, 'tis such a baffled Fop,

That ev'ry School-boy whips him like a Top:

And with his Arms, and Head, his Brains so weak,

That his starved fancy is compell'd to take,

Among the Excrements of others wit,

To make a stinking Meal of what they shit.

So Swine for nasty Meat to Dunghil run,

And tofs their gruntlinst Snowts up when they've  
done :

Again his Stars, the Coxcomb ever strives.

And to be something they forbid, contrives.

With a red Nose, Splay Foot, and Goggle Eyes,

A Plough Mans looby Meen, Face all a wry,

With stinking Breath, and ev'ry loathsome mark,

The *Fuchianello* sets up for a Spark.

With equal self conceit too, he bears Arms,

But with that vile success, his part performs,

## That

That he Burlesques his Trade, and what is best  
In others turns like *Harlequin* in jest.

So have I seen at *Smithfields* wondrous Fair,  
When all his Brother Monsters, flourish there ;  
A Lubbard *Elephant* divert the Town,  
With making Legs, and shooting off a Gun.  
Go where he will, he never finds a Friend,  
Shame, and derision all his steps attend ;  
Alike abroad, at home, i'th' Camp and Court,  
This Knight, o'th' Burning Pestle make us sport.

---

*Upon Love fondly refus'd for Conscience sake.*

Nature, Creations Law; is judg'd by sense,  
Not by the Tyrant conscience,  
Then our commission gives us leave to do,  
What youth and pleasure prompts us to :  
For we must question, else Heavens great decree,  
And tax it with a treachery ;  
If things made sweet to tempt our appetite  
Should with a guilt stain the delight.  
Higher powers rule us, our selves can nothing do;  
Who made us Love, made Lawful too.  
It was not Love, but Love transform'd to vice  
Ravish'd with envious Avarice,  
Made Women first impropriate ; all were free,  
Inclosures Mens inventions be.  
'th' Golden Age no action could be found  
For trespassse on my Neighbours ground :  
Twas just with any Fair to mix our Blood ;  
The best is most diffusive good.

H

She

She that confines her Beams to one mans sight,  
 Is a dark-Lanthorn to a glorious light.  
 Say, does the Virgin-spring lesse chaste appear  
 Cause many thirsts are quenched there?  
 Or have you not with the same odours met,  
 When more have smelt your Violet?  
 The *Phoenix* is not angry at her Nest,  
 Cause her perfumes make others blest:  
 Though Incense to th' eternal Gods be meant,  
 Yet mortals Rival in the sent.  
 Man is the Lord of Creatures, yet we see  
 That all his Vassals Loves are free.  
 The severe Wedlocks fetters do not binde  
 The Pard's inflam'd, and Amorous mind;  
 But that he may be like a Bridegroom led  
 Even to the Royal Lyons Bed.  
 The Birds may for a year their Loves confine,  
 But make new choise each *Valentine*.  
 If our affections then more servile be  
 Then are our Slaves, wher's Mans Sovereignty?  
 Why then by pleasing more, should you less please,  
 And spare the sweets, being more sweet then these  
 If the fresh Trunk have Sap enough to give  
 That each insertive branch may live;  
 The Gard'ner Grafts not only Apples there,  
 But adds the Warden and the Pear,  
 The Peach and Apricock together grow,  
 The Cherry and the Damson too,  
 Till he hath made by skillful Husbandry  
 An intire Orchard of one Tree  
 So lest our Paradise perfection want,  
 We may as well inoculate as plant.



What's Conscience but a Beldams midnight theam?  
Or nodding Nurſes idle dream?

So feign'd, as are the *Goblins*, *Elves* and *Fairies*,  
To watch their Orchards and their Daries.  
For who can tell when firſt her reign begun?

I'th' ſtate of innocence was none :

And ſince large Conſcience (as the proverb ſhewes)

In the ſame ſenſe with bad one goes,

The leſs the better then, whence this will fall,

'Tis to be perfect to have none at all.

Suppoſe it be a vertue rich and pure,

'Tis not for Spring, or Summer ſure,

Nor yet for Autumn ; Love muſt have his prime,

His warmer Hearts, and harveſt time.

Till we have flouriſh'd, grown, & reap'd our wiſhes ;

What Conſcience dares oppoſe our kiſſes ?

But when times colder Hand leads us near home,

Then let that Winter-vertue come :

Froſt is all then prodigious, we may do

What youth and pleaſure prompts us to.

*A Paſtoral Courtſhip.*

**B**Ehold theſe Woods, and mark my Sweet  
How all theſe boughs toghther meet !

The Cedar his fair Arn:s diſplayes,  
And mixes branches with the Bayes.

The lofty Pine dains to deſcend,  
And ſturdy Oaks do gently bend.

One with another ſubt'ly Weaves  
Into one Loom their various leaves ;

As all ambitious were to be  
Mine and my *Phyllis* canopie !

Let's enter and discourse our Loves ;  
These are, my dear, no tell-tale groves !  
There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrots there,  
To prate again the words they hear.  
Nor babling Eccho, that will tell  
The Neighbouring Hills one syllable,  
Being enter'd lets together lye,  
Twin'd like the Zodiaks *Gemini* !  
How soon the Flowers do sweeter smell ?  
And all with emulation swell  
To be thy Pillow ? These for thee  
Were meant a Bed, and thou for me,  
And I may with as just esteem  
Presse thee, as thou mayst lye on them.  
And why so coy ? What dost thou fear ?  
There lurks no speckled Serpent here.  
No Venemous Snake makes this his rode,  
No Canker, nor the loathsome Toad.  
And yon poor Spider on the Tree,  
Thy Spinster will no poysoner be,  
There is no Frog to leap and fright  
Thee from my Arms and break delight ;  
Nor Snail that o're thy Coat shall trace,  
And leave behind a slimy Lace.  
This is the hallowed shrine of Love,  
No Wasp nor Hornet haunts this grove,  
Nor Pismire to make Pimples rise  
Upon thy smooth and Ivory Thighs.  
No danger in these shades doth lye,  
Nothing that wears a sting : but I :

And

And in it doth no Venome dwell,  
Although perchance it make the swell.

Being set, let's sport a while my fair,  
I will tie Love-knots in thy Hair.

See *Zephyrus* though the leaves doth stay,  
And has free liberty to play:

And braids thy Locks ; And shall I find  
Less favour then a saucy wind ?

Now let me sit, and fix my Eyes  
On thee, that art my Paradise.

Thou art my all ; the spring remains  
In the fair violets of thy vains :

And that it is a Summers day,  
Ripe Cherries in thy Lips display.

And when for Autumn I would seek,  
'Tis in the Apples of thy Cheek.

But that which only moves my smart,  
Is to see Winter in thy Heart.

Strange, when at once in one appear,  
All the four seasons of the year !

I'll clasp that Neck where should be set  
A rich and Orient Carkanet ;

But swains are poor, admit of then  
Mere natural Chains, the Arms of men.

Come let me touch those Breast, that swell  
Like two fair Mountains, and may well

By stil'd the Apples, but that I fear  
The Snow has less whiteness there.

But stay (my Love) a fault I spie,  
Why are these two fair Fountains dry ?

Which if they run, no Muse would please  
To tast of any Spring but these.

And

H ;

And

And *Ganymed* employ'd shou'd be  
 To fetch his *Jove Nector* from thee.  
 Thou shalt be Nurse fair *Venus* swears,  
 To the next *Cupid* that she bears.  
 Were it not then discreetly done  
 To ope one spring to let two run?  
 Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's mint,  
 Blushes to see no coyn stamp in't.  
 Employ it then, for though it be  
 Our wealth it is your Royalty;  
 And beauty will have currant grace  
 That bears the image of your face.  
 How to the touch the Ivory Thighs  
 Veil gently, and again do rise,  
 As plyable to impression  
 As Virgins Wax, or *Barian* Stone  
 Dissolv'd to softness; plump and full,  
 More white and soft then *Cotfal* Wool,  
 Or Cotten from the *Indian* Tree,  
 Or pretty Silk-worms Huswifery.  
 These on two Marble Pillars rais'd  
 Make me in doubt which should be prais'd;  
 They or their Columnes must; but when  
 I view those Feet that I have seen  
 So nimbly tript it o're the Lawns,  
 That all the *Satyrs* and the Fawns  
 Have stood amaz'd, when they would pass  
 Over the layes, and not a Grass  
 Would feel the weight, nor rush, nor bent  
 Drooping betray which way you went,  
 O then I felt my hot desires  
 Burn more, and flame with double Fires.

Come let those Thighs, those Legs, those Feet  
With mine in thousand windings meet.

And Woven in more subtile twines  
Then Woodbine, Ivy, or the Vines.

For when Love sees us circling thus  
He'll like no Arbour more then us.

Now let us kifs, would you be gone?

Manners at least allows me one.

Blush you at this? pretty one stay,

And I will take that kifs away.

Thus with a second, and that too

A third wipes off; so will we go

To numbers that the Stars out-run,

And all the Atoms in the Sun.

For though we kifs till *Phœbus* ray

Sink in the Seas, and kissing stay

Till his bright Beams return again,

There can of all but one remain:

And if for one good manners call,

In one, good manners, grant me all.

Are kisses all? they but fore-run

Another duty to be done.

What would you of that Minstrel say

That tunes his Pipes and will not play?

Say what are Blossoms in their prime,

That ripen not in Harvest time?

Or what are Buds that ne're disclose

The long'd for sweetness of the Rose?]

So kisses to a Lover's guest

Are invitations, not the feast.

See every thing that we espye

Is Fruitful saving you and I:

View all the Fields, survey the Bowers,  
The Buds, the Blossoms and the Flowers.  
And say if they so rich could be  
In barren base Virginity.

Earth's not so coy as you are now,  
But willingly admits the Plow.  
For how had Man or Beast been fed,  
If she had kept her Maiden-head ?

*Celia* once coy as are the rest  
Hangs now a Babe on either Breast,  
And *Cloris* since a Man she took,  
Has less of Greenesse in her look.

Our Ewes have ean'd, and every dame  
Gives suck unto her tender Lamb.

As by these Groves we walk'd along.  
Some Birds were feeding of their young,  
Some on **their** Eggs did brooding sit,  
Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet,  
Those that were slower then the rest,  
Were busie building of the Nest,  
You only will not pay the fine,  
You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.

As you were Angling in the Brook  
With Silken Line and Silver Hook,  
Through Chrystal streams you might descry  
How vast and numberless a fry  
The Fish hath spawn'd, that all along  
The Banks were crowded with the throng.  
And shall fair *Venus* more command  
By Water then she does by Land ?  
The *Phoenix* chaff, yet when she dies,  
Her self with her own Ashes lies.

But let thy Love more wisely thrive  
 To do the act while th' art alive.  
 'Tis time we let our Childish Love  
 That trades for toys, and now approve  
 Our abler skill ; they are not wise  
 Look babies only in the Eyes.  
 That smoother'd smile shewes what you meant,  
 And modest silence gives consent.  
 That which we now prepare, will be  
 Best done in silent secrecie.  
 Come do not weep, what is't you fear ?  
 Lest some should know what we did here,  
 See not a Flower you prest is dead, }  
 But re-erects his bending Head ;  
 That whosoe're shall pass this way,  
 Knows not by these where *Phylis* lay.  
 And in your forehead there is none  
 Can read the act that we have done.

*Phylis.*

Poor credulous and simple maid !  
 By what strange wiles art thou beraid !  
 A treasure thou hast lost to day,  
 For which thou canst no ransome pay.  
 How black art thou, transform'd with Sin !  
 How strange a guilt gnaws me within ?  
 Grief will convert this read to pale ;  
 When every Wake, and Whitsund-ale  
 Shall talk my shame ; break, break sad heart  
 There is no Medicine for my smart,  
 No Herb nor Balm can cure my sorrow,  
 Unless you meet again to morrow.

*Captain*

# Captain Ramble.

**W**Hilst *Duns* were knocking at my Door,  
 I lay in Bed with wreeking *W----*,  
 With Back so weak, and Tool so fore  
 You'd wonder.

I rais'd my *Doe*, and laid her Gown,  
 I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,  
 I Kist and then I drove her down  
 Like Thunder.

From Chamber then I went to Dinner,  
 And drank small Beer, like mournful Sinner,  
 But still I thought the Duce was in her  
*Amoris.*

I sat at *Muscots* in the dark,  
 And heard a Tradesman, and a Spark,  
 A Scriv'ner and a Lawyers Clark,  
 Tell Stories.

From thence I went with muffled Face,  
 To the Dukes House, and took a place,  
 In which I Spew'd, may't please my Ladys  
 Kindness.

Had I been hang'd, I cou'd not choose,  
 But laugh at *W-----*, who dropt from *Stems*,  
 Seeing that *Mrs. Marg'ret H--s*,  
 So fine is.

When Play was done, I call'd a Link,  
 Hearing some paultry pieces chink  
 Within my Breeches, how 'dye think  
 I employ'd 'em ?

Why



Why Sir, I went to *Mrs. Speerings*,  
Where some were Curling, others Swearing,  
Never a Barrel better Herring,

*Per fidem.*

Seavens the main, 'tis Eight or Ram me,  
'Tis Six (said I) as God shall save me;  
And being true, they cou'd not blame me  
So saying.

Save me (quoth one) what *Shamaroone*,  
Is this has beg'd an Afternoon,  
Of's Mother, to go up and down  
A playing?

Now this to me, was worse than killing,  
Mistake me not for I am willing;  
And able both, to drop a Shilling,  
Or Two Sir.

Well said my Lad, (Quoth *Bully Hack*)  
With *Whiskers* stern, and *Cordibeck*,  
Pinn'd up behind his scabby Neck  
To shew Sir.

With Mangy Fist, he graspt the Box,  
Giving the Table bloody knocks,  
Calling upon the Plague and Pox,  
To assist him.

Ten Shillings from me he did snatch,  
He'd like to have made a quick dispatch,  
Nor wou'd Times Register my Watch,  
Have mist him.

As luck wou'd have it in came *Will*,  
Perceiving things went very ill,  
Quoth he, thou'dst better go and swill  
Canary.

We steer'd our Course to *Dragon Green*,  
Which in *Fleet-street* is to be seen,  
Where we drank Wine, not foul but clean  
Contrary.

Our Host Eclipsed *E----Hammin*,  
Presented slice of Bacon Gamon,  
Which made us swallow-Sack, as Salmon  
Does Water.

Being over warm with the last debauch,  
I grew as drunk as any Roach,  
When hot Back'd *Wardens* did approach,  
Or later.

But see the wretched confounded fate,  
Attends on drinking Wine so late,  
I drew my Tool on honest *Kate*  
I'th' Kitchen.

Which *Ha---s* Wife cou'd not endure,  
I told her though she look'd demure,  
That she came lately I was sure,  
From Sticking.

We broke our Glasses out of hand,  
As many Oaths, we did command,  
As *Ha---, Sa---, Sq-----*,  
Or *O---*.

Then I cry'd down *Sir Harry Va---*,  
And swore that then wou'd maintain,  
What he had said, was too too plain,  
A juggle.

And having now discharg'd the House,  
We did reserve a gentle Soufe,  
With which we drank another Rouse,  
At the Bar.

And now good Christians all attend,  
To drunkenness pray put an end,  
I do advise you as a Friend,

And Neighbour.

For to the mortal here behold,  
Who cautious was in dayes of old,  
Is now become, rash, sturdy, bold,  
And free Sir.

For having scap't the Tavern so,  
There never was a greater Foe,  
Encount'r'd yet by *Pompey*, no

Nor *Cesar*.

A Cunstable both stern and dread,  
Who is from Mustard, Brooms, and Thread,  
Preferr'd to be the *Brainless head*

O'th' People.

A Gown, had on with Age made gray,  
A Hat too, which as Folks do say,  
Is Sir-nam'd to this very day,

A Steeple.

His Staff, which knew as well as he,  
The business of Authority,  
Stood bold upright at sight of me ;

Most true 'tis.

The *Bilbow Guard*, that hither come,  
To keep the Kings Peace, safe at home,  
Yet cannot keep the *Vermin* from

Their *Cutis*.

Stand, stand, says one, and come before,  
You lye said I, like a Son of a W---,  
I can't, nor will not stand, that's more

De' mutter.

You

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,  
 Your Officer, ith' *May-Pole-Hat*,  
 I'll make as drunk as any Rat,  
 Or Otter.

The Cunstable began to swell,  
 Although he lik'd the motion well,  
 Quoth he my Friends, this I must tell  
 You clearly.

The Pestilence you can't forget,  
 Nor th' dispute with the *Dutch*, nor yet  
 The dreadful Fire, that made us get  
 Up early.

From which (quoth he) I this infer,  
 To have a Bodies Conscience clear,  
 Excelleth any costly Cheer,  
 Or Banquet.

Besides (and faith I think he wept)  
 Were it not better you had kept,  
 Within your Chamber, and have slept,  
 In Blanket.

But I'll advise you by and by,  
 --A shame of all advice said I,  
 Your *Janizaries* look as dry,  
 As *Vulcan*.

We came not here to talk of Sin,  
 --Come-here's a Shilling fetch it in.  
 Our business now is to begin,  
 A full Can.

At last I made the Watch-men drunk,  
 Examin'd here, and there a Punck,  
 And then away to Bed I slunk,  
 To hide it.

Now

Now these my wishes are to you,  
 Who will those dangers not Eschue,  
 That ye may all go home, and spew,  
 As I did.

---

### On Rome's Pardon.

**I**F *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,  
 And if those Pardons, can be bought and sold,  
 It were no Sin, t'adore, and worship Gold.

If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,  
 For Sins they may commit in time to come,  
 And for Sins past, 'tis very well for *Rome*.

At this rate they are happy't that have most;  
 They'll purchase Heav'n at their own proper cost,  
 Alas! the Poor! all that are so are lost.

Whence came this knack, or when did it begin?  
 What Author have they, or whom brought it in?  
 Did *Christ* e're keep a *Custom-house* for Sin?

Some subtle Devil, without more ado,  
 Did certainly this fly invention brew,  
 To gull 'em of their *Souls*, and *Money* too.

F I N I S.